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IN SEARCH OF A PLACE.

If any body were to aver that there was no anxiety about the distribution of offices in the city of —, State of Ohio, after General Pierce was inaugurated, it would not be strictly true. There *was* anxiety; induced, no doubt, by the desire to see the places filled by fit and proper men; and there was also a good deal of disinterested patriotism evinced, by a readiness to take office on the shortest notice, and at a self-sacrifice. After the community had been agitated to the last degree by conflicting reports, almost hourly, as to who was appointed post-master, that vexing question was set at rest by the arrival of the commission. But it was settled only to admit the discussion of another of tremendous import— who should be the mail-agent? Placed by circumstances in the situation of a disinterested looker-on, I hope to be able to relate some few incidents which occurred in that memorable struggle for those honorable offices; and if this narrative possesses not the interest of a fictitious story, let it be remembered that it is but a dry detail of facts.

It was in front of a celebrated and justly popular hotel in the city, that two gentlemen, bent upon serving the country at all hazards, met a few days after the post-master had received his commission. One of them was a red-faced, rollicking, impudent-looking sort of person, still in the twenties, though apparently over thirty. The other was a person not less than forty. Mr. Doem was the name of the former: he had not, at that time, any occupation or profession; but what of that? he *had* had a good many. The name of the other was Simeon Sugg: he was a thin man, of sorrowful and discontented aspect; he was worn to the bone by anxiety about the state of the country and for the maintenance of the Compromise. He was rich, had retired from business, and, having nothing to do, had many times offered, in the most patriotic and disinterested manner, to take office under the Government. Doem had also tendered his services several times; but, strange to say, though they were both gentlemen of leisure, and could have served the State without loss or detriment to its industrial interests, their offers had been declined.

‘How do you like the new post-master, Simeon?’ said Doem.

Mr. Sugg was engaged in whittling a stick; he slowly moved his head from side to side, like a bear at bay, but made no audible reply.

‘If I had known that he was likely to get it, I would have been a candidate myself,’ said Doem.

Turning to Doem with a sorrowful air, Mr. Sugg said :

‘The old working members of the party is a being set aside for fellows as never hardly voted the ticket.’

‘Ah! you’ve been set aside for this post-master, have you?’

‘No, Sir, I was not a candidate for that office.’

‘Simeon, I should like to know what office you are a candidate for;’ said Doem.

‘I am not a candidate; not exactly a candidate, you see. I am not a candidate at all, as you may say; but sooner than these new men shall get all the offices, I will be a candidate.’

‘For what?’ said Doem, sharply.

‘Oh, for nothing in particular,’ replied Simeon, with his eyes bent upon the ground. ‘But what are you a candidate for?’

‘Well, for things in general, and for something in particular, too,’ replied Doem. ‘Having fit the battles of the Democratic party ever since I was ten year old; having rid, in all sorts of weather, in all parts of the county; having sot up o’ nights with the boys, a ——’

‘Drinking whiskey,’ suggested Simeon, seeing that the other hesitated.

‘And having worked night and day for the election of Franklin Pierce, I am a candidate for—for mail-agent! Now it’s out!’

‘For what?’ said Simeon, dropping stick and knife in consternation.

‘Mail-agent; no mistake about it,’ replied Doem, coolly. ‘And if I had n’t been a modest fool, as did n’t appreciate his own merits and qualifications, I should have tried for and got something better.’

‘You would, I assure you,’ cried Simeon, eagerly. ‘It is not too late now; go in for some good office; you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be a candidate for mail-agent.’

‘Well, I had, I know; but I think I’ll take the agency now,’ said Doem, after consideration.

‘Which route do you apply for?’

‘Whichever they like to appoint me to; I have no preference where service to the country is concerned. Now I *know* you are a candidate for a mail-agency, too, Simeon; and we shall be certain to receive the appointments.’

‘I am a kind of a candidate,’ said Simeon. ‘No doubt our commissions will come on together. I am for either route.’

‘Certainly, one is as good as the other; and if we want to change at any time, we can arrange it with the Department,’ said Doem.

‘Simeon’s reply was prevented by the approach of a young man with a valise in his hand, who had just returned from Washington by the cars.

‘Ah, Bob!’ cried Doem, ‘what’s the news? who are the mail-agents?’

‘I am the only one appointed; I have my commission in my pocket for the southern route. Much obliged to you for your congratulations. I am in a great hurry; excuse me, gentlemen.’

With this he stepped into the hotel, leaving Mr. Doem and Simeon in speechless consternation. Doem was the first to recover the use of his tongue, and he forthwith began to curse the administration with great

vigor and volubility. By the time he had exhausted all his blasphemy—and it was a large stock—his friend had revived. It was an affecting sight to see Simeon, as, seating himself upon a box, he looked around with a sad and warning aspect, and said :

‘The old working members of the party is a being set aside for fellows as *never* voted the ticket.’

‘I believe you said your application was for the southern route, Simeon,’ said Doem.

‘No, Sir, the northern route, I said. I would n’t have had the southern route, you know. But you was a candidate for the southern route, and you ought to have had it!’

‘Hold up, Simeon! I was for the northern route ; all along my papers are on file for that, and yours are for the southern route.’

‘Not at all; young man. My papers’——

‘The d——l a bit, Simeon. Your papers’——

‘Evening, gentlemen ; what’s the news?’ said a gentleman.

‘O Lord, Judge! a’n’t you heard it?’ said Doem. ‘The d——t villainy! here’s Bob Johnson been and done Simeon out of the office he was an applicant for——mail-agent on the southern route. Simeon’s papers’——

‘Not a bit of it!’ bawled Simeon. ‘The Judge knows my papers.’

‘Well, but is Bob appointed?’

‘Certain, he is. Did you ever hear of such a d——d outrage upon Simeon?’

‘Gentlemen, Bob is the right sort of man, a clever fellow, and an active Democrat,’ said the Judge.

‘He never voted the ticket in all his life; he’s a Whig,’ said Simeon.

‘To be sure he is,’ said Doem. ‘Why, Judge, he’s the d——t rascal; he ought to be in the penitentiary.’

‘Them’s the kind of men the old working members of the party is a being set aside for by *this administration*,’ said Simeon, with tears in his eyes. ‘*This administration* will ruin the party; it is almost ruined.’

‘Only one mail-agency left for its salvation, hey?’ said the Judge. ‘Gentlemen, there are other good offices to be filled.’

‘That’s a fact, Judge, and Simeon had better be putting in for one while they are going,’ said Doem.

‘I am in——in for mail-agent,’ said Simeon. ‘Still, I’ll not stand in your way. But now, why don’t you go in for something foreign——a consulship?’

‘Well, I don’t know. How would a consulship suit me, Judge?’ replied Doem.

‘First-rate, Sir, I believe, if you could get a good one. There is not much work to do, and the position is an honorable one.’

‘Never mind about the honor,’ said Doem, with some contempt. ‘I’ve got honor enough already to last me all my life, if I live to be as old as Washington’s nuss. Honor is all very well: but how does it pay?’

‘The good ones pay very well. What part of the world would you like to go to?’

‘Well, there you’ve rather got me. Where is there a good consulship?’

'London,' said the Judge.

'Liverpool,' suggested Simeon.

'I would n't have either of those,' said Doem, positively. 'I want something in a republic. To live in an old despotism would n't suit me at all. A'n't there no good consulships in republics?'

'Rio Janeiro,' said Simeon.

'Which is not in a republic,' said the Judge.

'Republic of Brazil,' said Simeon.

'Empire of Brazil,' returned the Judge.

'That won't do,' said Doem.

'Valparaiso,' suggested Simeon. 'That's as good as Rio, and I know that it is in a republic.'

'That'll suit me,' said Doem.

'I have heard—I tell you this in confidence, you know,' said the Judge.

'Oh, certainly! go on,' said the others.

'I have heard that Governor Wood is a candidate for that office; you would not like to oppose him, perhaps.'

'Why not?' said Simeon. 'The old working members of the Democratic party'——

'Never mind why not; I would n't do it,' said Doem. 'Between you and me, gentlemen, I am a good deal better qualified for the office than the Governor is. But if he is after money, let him have it. If he wants it worse than I do, he is entirely welcome.'

'It is exceedingly doubtful whether you could obtain a consulate of the first class,' said the Judge. 'There are numerous applicants for all of them.'

'Not all, Judge,' said Simeon. 'There's no body in for Cutugutulang; and Bill is just the man for that. It is worth—let me see—it is worth about twenty thousand dollars a year. It is one of the greatest ports in the world; I am told so by a gentleman that has been there.'

'Is it in a republic?' said Doem.

'Why, not exactly. It is a Dutch port in the Indian Ocean,' replied the Judge.

'Well, I don't know about that!' said Doem, dubiously. 'There used to be good officers among the Injuns; but Money Penny, you see, will look sharp after every body under him.'

'You need not fear his vigilance; this Cutugutulang is a Dutch port in the East Indies, quite out of his jurisdiction,' said the Judge, with a grave smile. 'I do not know much about the place. Simeon, I presume, can give you sufficient information.'

'Well, Simeon, let us hear about it. What's the manners and customs of the people?'

'They are said to be the greatest people on earth for sporting and amusements,' said Simeon, in the sing-song tone with which a school-boy repeats a lesson. 'The principal business of the better sort is drinking rum-punch, and playing at billiards; while the common people spends most of their time in fighting cocks, and consumes great quantities of arrack.'

'That'll suit me!' said Doem. 'What sort of a country is it?'

'The country is beautiful in the extreme; the climate mild and pleasant; it is the garden-spot of all creation,' said Simeon.

'Productive?'

'Four harvests are gathered in a year; gold and silver mines abound in the interior; gems and precious stones are sifted with a sieve out of the sand in the beds of the mountain-streams; and all sorts of fruits, yarbs, and vallyable spices grows wild.'

'That'll suit me!' exclaimed Doem. 'Is it healthy?'

'The natives are celebrated for longevity, and very few dies at a hundred and fifty,' replied Simeon.

('Precious few,' said the Judge, aside.)

'Many Americans and English there?' said Doem.

'Great numbers have settled in the place from time to time, notwithstanding the jealousy of the Dutch officials; and very few that lands on the island ever leaves it,' replied Simeon.

'Gentlemen, that *will* suit me,' said Doem, with emphasis.

'Get up your papers right away: go now,' said Simeon.

Mr. Doem walked off up the street at a rapid pace, and the Judge proceeded leisurely down the street, leaving Simeon whittling slowly. When Doem was out of sight, Simeon threw away the stick he was employed on, and started off to a lawyer's office at the top of his speed, saying:

'I'll see whether the old members of the party is to be set aside for fellows as never hardly voted the ticket.'

About two hours after Mr. Doem had parted with Simeon, he strolled into a fashionable saloon and called for a brandy-smash and a cigar. Mr. Doem was in a state of uncertainty and perplexity. He appeared to be in search of something and unable to find it, like old John Willet, when looking for a coffin. Walking slowly round the room, he glanced at the pictures and hand-bills, as if he thought he might perhaps find it there; but being unsuccessful, he closely examined the map of Ohio, and subjected that of North America to a severe scrutiny.

'I can't find it,' said Doem.

'What are you after?' said the bar-keeper.

'Do n't talk so loud,' said Doem, with a suspicious glance toward the door, near which there was a group of young men. Then, leaning over the counter, he said, in a cautious and confidential whisper: 'Do you know a place called Cutugutulang, Charley?'

'There is no such place in Ohio,' said Charley.

'Speak lower — who said there was? It isn't in Ohio.'

'Where is it, then?'

'That's what I want to know. It is a Dutch town in the Injun country.'

'Oh! there's no Dutch towns in the Injun country,' replied Charley.

'I wonder whether they could tell at the post-office where Cutugutulang is,' said Doem.

'You might try there,' returned Charley.

'I will try; they ought to know,' said Doem, and without delay he went there.

Mr. Doem introduced himself to one of the clerks, and, after making

a neat speech to the effect that he wished the gentleman there present might be retained in office, though a Whig, he entered upon his business, saying:

‘I believe you send letters from here to all parts of the world.’

‘We do, Sir.’

‘Well, if you can send letters, you must know where to send them. Now where is Cutugutulang?’

‘I don’t know, Sir; foreign letters are not distributed here.’

‘You do n’t know where Cutugutulang is?’

‘No, Sir.’

‘Then you ought to be turned out quicker than lightning.’

With this, Mr. Doem returned to the saloon, where he was advised by Charley to go to the library and examine the maps, charts, atlases, etc. He did so; and after toiling for about an hour unsuccessfully, he consulted the librarian, who speedily found the place in McCulloch’s Dictionary. Seating himself at a table, Mr. Doem devoted all his attention to the perusal of the description of Cutugutulang. Having concluded reading, he closed the book with an oath so round and expressive that a venerable reverend gentleman and two stout young fellows, studying for the ministry, who were reading in the library, started to their feet.

‘You infernal false old cuss!’ said Doem, looking the venerable old preacher of the gospel full in the face.

Concluding that Doem was a mad-man, the two stout young fellows who were studying for the ministry made a precipitate retreat behind the venerable old gentleman’s chair, and, thrusting their heads out of the window, shouted murder.

‘My good Sir, what do you mean?’ said the old gentleman.

‘Read that passage, Sir,’ said Doem, placing the book before him.

Beginning at the last paragraph of the description of Cutugutulang, the old gentleman read as follows:

‘The port was once a place of some trade; but it has latterly gone to decay. Those portions of the interior which were once cultivated, have fallen back into a state of nature, and become again the haunts of wild beasts and poisonous reptiles. The heat is intense and almost insupportable in the bay, which is completely land-locked, and surrounded by lofty mountains. The climate is deadly in the extreme; few Europeans or Americans surviving above a year after landing.’

‘Thank you, Sir; much obliged,’ said Doem, shaking his fist toward the old gentleman, but with Simeon in his mind.

CHAPTER SECOND.

ABOUT four o’clock on the afternoon of the following day, Mr. Sugg took his way toward the residence of Colonel Funchal. Simeon had been hard at work all day, getting up papers to be forwarded to Washington for the mail-agency on the northern route. He felt certain of obtaining the appointment if he could get a letter from Colonel Funchal, for the Colonel was a leading politician, and known to possess great influence. Simeon calculated upon securing that appointment while his friend Mr. Doem was getting up papers for the consulate. He was pleased and exhilarated; his spirits were much higher than usual.

'The old members of the party are not to be passed over in any such way,' said he, turning a corner; and there he came suddenly upon Doem. The latter hurried up, and, shaking his hand warmly, inquired into the state of Simeon's health. He was delighted to hear that it was good.

'Simeon,' said he, 'I must have that consulship. I am told it is a splendid country.'

'Beautiful! beautiful! the garden-spot of all creation!' said Simeon.

'One thing bothers me some. I must have a letter from Major Murdock, and I want to go to Cincinnati by the cars. Will you drive up to the Major's and get it for me? He leaves home to-night for the east; if I go myself, I shall miss the cars.'

Simeon cast one glance at the Colonel's house in the distance, and another at the valise which Doem carried in his hand. It would be desirable to have Doem out of the way; and he readily assented to the proposition. Intending to go to the Major's immediately, he desired Doem to hurry down to the dépôt.

'Simeon, I am short of money just now,' said Doem. 'Unless I can borrow twenty dollars, I shall be unable to go to Cincinnati to-night.'

Simeon was rich; Mr. Doem was poor, and a noted borrower; and they were bosom-friends. But for all that, he had never succeeded in raising a loan from Simeon.

Again Simeon looked at the valise, and again he glanced at the Colonel's house.

'You would n't like to lend me twenty dollars, perhaps,' said Doem.

Simeon groaned audibly, and looked round in sore distress.

'Never mind!' said Doem, briskly; 'I'll call upon the old Colonel; he'll lend it me; he never refuses any body any thing.'

'Stop!' said Simeon, who, having a decided objection to Doem's seeing the Colonel at that particular juncture, made up his mind to a compromise. 'I think I've got fifteen dollars about me. That's plenty for your expenses; you can live—oh! extravagantly—on that.'

With a slight sneer, scarcely perceptible, Mr. Doem took the fifteen dollars, and handed Simeon a note he had already prepared for twenty. That done, he shook hands with him, and started in a hurry. Simeon watched him past the Colonel's house, and then walked away in the opposite direction, with a placid smile upon his countenance. Before he had gone far, the idea struck him that there was no necessity for going to Major Murdock's just then; and he proceeded toward the dépôt at a rapid pace. As he neared it, the whistle blew, and a fellow with a valise—Doem, no doubt—sprang into the cars. Away they went.

The first thing Simeon did after the cars had started, was to step into a grocery and take something. He chatted for about a quarter of an hour with the grocery-keeper, and then walked up the street in an agreeable state of mind. He had a strong conviction that there was now a prospect of one of the 'old working members' of the party being rewarded by 'this administration.'

'Five o'clock!' said Simeon, as he paused before Colonel Funchal's house. 'I shall just catch the Colonel in; this is about his time.'

Gaily Simeon stepped up to the door; pleasantly he smiled at the nurse-maid who was walking in the front garden with the baby; and a

confidential wink might have been detected, directed to the nurse-maid or the baby; we should hope to the latter, for Simeon was married, and accounted a moral man. His hand was upon the handle of the bell, when he heard a boisterous laugh and steps in the hall. As the door opened, the portly form of the Colonel appeared, and, looking over his shoulder, there was a very red and very impudent face, lighted up with the highest possible glee. The Colonel nodded to Simeon, and the red-faced man walked boldly out with a letter in one hand and a valise in the other. It was the respectable Doem.

'Missed the cars, Simeon. Go by the next train, perhaps,' said he, walking off.

Simeon sat down upon the stone-steps completely overpowered. The Colonel spoke to him once or twice before he received a reply. When Simeon did speak, he exclaimed, with a burst of grief that was truly pathetic:

'The old working members of the party is a being set aside for fellows as never hardly voted the ticket.'

'What is the matter?' said the Colonel.

'That fellow Doem — what has he been here after?'

'For a letter to Washington requesting his appointment.'

'As Consul to Cutugutulang?'

'Not at all; as mail-agent, I understood; he referred to papers already on file, I thought.'

Simeon was dejected; if Doem had been in his place, he would have sworn; but Simeon never swore, and now he 'lifted up his voice and wept;' wept over the depravity of the human heart as exemplified in the conduct of Doem.

'He's a villain, Colonel; a base, unprincipled villain! This administration has pretty nigh ruined the party, and if it appoints him, it'll finish the job. All the old working members of the Democracy neglected — look at me!'

The Colonel did look at him; he looked through him, and said:

'Can I do any thing to serve you, Simeon?'

'Nothing, nothing! unless,' he continued, with some hesitation, 'you will discount Doem's note for twenty dollars. You shall have it for fifteen.'

'Much obliged, Sir; I do not deal in paper. Good-evening.'

And so the Colonel left Simeon, seated on the stone-step.

It might have been three hours after — it certainly was not four — when Simeon and Mr. Doem met again. A long explanation followed, which each said was satisfactory. Each solemnly asseverated that he should take no farther steps about the agency for a week. They spent the last half hour in descanting upon the unheard-of baseness of Johnson, and in professions of friendship, and of a community of interests between themselves. Mr. Doem loudly protested that he was after the consulate at Cutugutulang; and Simeon declared that he should not apply for the agency except in the event that Doem received the foreign appointment. It was eleven o'clock when they rose to go, each determined to do the same thing that very night — write a letter to Washington.

As they descended the steps to the street from the saloon in which

they had been drinking, they encountered a friend and partisan — a person named Weasel, who was about to start a paper. Mr. Weasel was a little man, but he was generally thought to be a great rogue. He was a politician of singular acuteness, in his own estimation; and if politics is a trade, he ought to have learned it thoroughly, for he had been at the business many years, with some profit to himself, and greatly to the detriment of the cause he advocated. He was famous for managing small elections in a small, tin-pot way; and whenever he got the sole management of one, the party never failed to be thoroughly beaten. Mr. Weasel was just out of one office at Washington, and he had been an applicant for several others, but had failed. There was some excuse for his pertinacious applications for office under the General Government — he could neither dig nor mow; to beg or borrow he was not at all ashamed, but he had done it so often that it was no longer profitable. One occupation, which he had somewhat depended upon for a living, it was no longer safe to follow; gambling was a penitentiary offence, and the citizens were determined that the law should be enforced from that time forth. He was now utterly without credit with his party at home; his stake at Washington for office had been played and lost, and his last desperate resource before he went to the Devil was to start an opposition-paper. Such men as Simeon and Doem were his only hope and main-stay in this notable enterprise. He might get them both to subscribe for his paper; and perhaps one of them would *pay* his subscription, after a good deal of dunning. His interest clearly was to treat them fairly, but he knew they were both applicants for the same office, and he could not, to save his life, resist the temptation to interpose between them, with a little of his mischief and management. It was the native villany of the man prompting him against his interest. There was nothing to be gained by it in any event, but he rushed into roguery as a duck takes to water.

After saluting Weasel, Mr. Doem left them and walked slowly away; it was his custom to take a stroll every evening before he retired to bed. When he was out of hearing, Mr. Weasel said:

‘Simeon, I have always been a friend of yours; I am a friend of Doem’s, too; but, between you and me, he’s a rascal, and don’t ought to have an office.’

‘Mr. Weasel,’ said Simeon, with great feeling and energy, ‘he’s the biggest rogue in the country, let the next be who he may.’

‘He is; and there’s some pretty big ones in the large building down there,’ said Weasel.

‘He’s the biggest liar and scamp in the State,’ said Simeon.

‘So he is,’ said Weasel.

Simeon had just shaken hands with this great scamp, and parted from him with many protestations of regard; so had the excellent Weasel.

‘I’m afraid he’ll do me out of this agency. The old members of the party is a being set aside for all sorts of vagabonds; he’ll get this agency, you’ll see.’

‘Not if you take my advice. Write a letter to Washington and give his true character.’

‘I’m a going to do it; I’ve got the letter made up in my head.’

‘That’s right; put it in the postscript that he’s a Miami. I don’t

know that he belonged to the tribe, but he'd have joined it if he'd had a chance. And write to Fogy; get him to write a letter about it, and you can blow Doem sky-high. Good-night.'

With this Mr. Weasel hurried away, wishing to overtake Doem. He shortly did so, and, taking his arm, he said:

'Bill, what do you think that old humbug Simeon is going to do?'

'Don't know, and I don't much care,' said Doem.

'He's going to write a letter to Washington about you; and he means to get one from Fogy, abusing you as a Miami,' returned Weasel. 'Now you write and say that he has bribed Fogy to blackguard you. It'll throw them higher than a kite. I'm your friend, you know. I'll write to Washington myself, if you say so.'

'I'd a good deal rather you wouldn't,' said Doem, hastily. 'Good-night.'

It is highly probable that Doem's letter was first completed, though he began after Simeon had written half of his, for penmanship was a slow and painful operation with Simeon. However, we shall give Mr. Sugg's letter first. It was addressed to the Postmaster-General, and ran as follows:

'HONBLE SIR:

'I take the liberty of riting to put you on your gard against one WILLIAM DOEM, who is a candidate for mail-agent from this city and swindled me to night out of fifteen dollars. He is altogether unfit for that or any other office under your department, being a man of no educashun, tottally unacquainted with grammer, and cannot spell the English langwidge correct. Also, he is not a *Union man*. Having been seen on five or six moon-light nites in conversashun with a yallow gall who lives house-made at an abolitshunist's, he is thought to be a *Konducter on the under-ground rale-rode*, which is the best of proof that he is not *sound on the Kompromise*.

'Yours respectfully,

'MANY CITIZENS.

'P. S.—I have just heard that DOEM is one of the most sanguinary braves in the Miami tribe. I have writ to my frend Mr. FOGY of the *Cincinnati Tatler*, who will send you a letter on that subjec. He will certify to you that the Miamis was a set of roges to a man. He is well qualified to speak on that point, having been one hisself untill it was found out.'

Mr. Doem's letter was to the President. It was directed:

'GEN. FRANKLIN PIERCE,

'President,

'Washington.

'(Private and confidential.)'

The following is a copy:

'GEN. PIERCE:

'Hon Sir:

'In the course of human events, it has become necessary for me to address you respecting one SIMEON SUGG who is a candidate for the mail-agency from this city and is not qualified for the office not by no means. He is an Aristocrat, worth twenty-five thousand dollars made at the blacksmithing, and is guilty of several other things almost as bad. I am an applicant for the same office and can be proved to be a Democrat and *poor*. Simeon's eye-sight is so gallows bad, that with the most powerful magnifying glasses he can't read the direction of above one letter out of six; and that I'll bet on. He is notorious for a fondness for whisky-punch made strong and as hot as blazes, with hardly any sugar; whereas I am a Temperance man, have belonged to the Sons four times and shall jine agen as soon as I receive the commission.

'All of which is respectfully submitted by your obedient servant

'WM. DOEM.

'P. S.—Beware of the misrepresentations of FOGY of Cincinnati. SIMEON has bribed him and he has agreed to abuse my character for the sum of two dollars and a quarter

and an oyster supper. FOGY was a sort of Medicine Man to the Miamis, and is one of the greatest humbugs in this or any other country. His character for truth and veracity is shocking bad, and I would not believe him on his oath if I was you.'

These epistles were duly dispatched on the following evening.

CHAPTER THIRD.

AFTER the letters were sent, Simeon and Mr. Doem met daily upon the most friendly terms, each confident that he had settled the business of his adversary. For some days they passed a pleasant time, occupying themselves in abusing Johnson and others. However, as day after day passed, and they heard nothing from Washington, there came now and then a muttered curse from Doem, like the rumbling of distant thunder, the presage of a storm; and the amiable Simeon shook his head gently, and shed a tear or two over hope deferred. Still the time went on, and Mr. Doem began to blaspheme openly, never naming the Cabinet but with curses loud and deep; while Simeon, like 'Dismal Jemmy,' shed floods of tears, and bewailed with sore lamentation the neglect by 'this administration' of the 'old working members of the party.'

It was Sunday afternoon, and Mr. Doem sat in his room at the hotel alone. His apartment was at the top of the house, and it was small; but it was large enough to accommodate a pleasant little euchre party; and Mr. Doem often entertained his friends in that way. The furniture was not of a sumptuous description—Doem despised luxury and hated ostentation. A small table, with a rickety wash-stand, and four chairs, comprised all the furniture. Mr. Doem sat upon the bed in his shirt-sleeves, with an open letter in his hand, and a cigar in his mouth. His red face was suspiciously inflamed upon this occasion, and though all the saloons were closed by strict ordinance, it was evident he had been drinking. Two bottles and a dirty tumbler stood upon the mantel-piece, and, truth to say, Doem had provided for the emergency of the bar-rooms being shut by providing two bottles of whiskey on the Saturday night. Mr. Doem was reading the letter, and not for the first time; it was from a confidential friend at Washington. As he perused it aloud, he made comments. It was as follows:

'It is probable that a gentleman from Sucking County will receive the appointment. It is understood that Dr. DOUBLE used his influence for him and against you.'

'Very well, Dr. Double,' said Doem, shaking his head, 'you promised your influence to me. 'Sweep out the Galphins' is a very pretty motto, especially for them that want to make room for their own operations in the same line of business. My motto shall be, 'Keep out the Galphins,' when you are after another office.'

Mr. Doem resumed the reading of the letter:

'It is said that WEASEL has done you irreparable damage by writing to the Department and to the President in your favor. He said that you were his particular friend, and an honest man, which is enough to defeat any body.'

'Now here's a precious villain!' said Doem, flinging the pillow at the table. 'I charged that fellow to oppose my appointment with all his might; and if he had done it, I should have succeeded. But he goes

and writes that I'm his particular friend, and an honest man, he does! when every body knows that him and I are two of the biggest ro—enemies—enemies in Ohio.'

After this, Mr. Doem rose in much disgust, and had recourse to the bottle. With that in one hand and the tumbler in the other, he resumed his seat on the bed, and looked round as if addressing an audience:

'Gratitude,' said he, 'is one of the beautifullest, admirablest, and delightfulest sentiments of the human breast. It is due from me to a large circle of *friends*, among whom are very prominent Dr. Double and Weasel. I am sorry to remain under obligations, and all of that kind I shall scrupulously endeavor to repay in '*throat-cutting time*.'

Mr. Doem took a large drink after having thus expressed himself, and again returned the bottle to the mantel-piece. He had scarcely done so, when the door was opened and Simeon entered. He also had received a letter from Washington.

Simeon commenced conversation by stating that the President was not 'the right kind of man.'

Mr. Doem replied by devoting the President to the infernal gods, and requesting his friend to drink. The latter complied, and Doem said:

'Simeon, the Cabinet was informed that I was a Miami, and a man of no education.'

'Weasel done it, you may bet your life,' said Simeon.

'Not he; he did something a d——d sight worse: said I was his particular friend,' returned Doem, savagely.

'They wrote on to Washington that I was fond of whiskey-punch,' said Simeon, tearfully; 'and that I had bad eye-sight, when every body knows I can read the smallest print, and never wore glasses.'

'Oh, there's the d——dest rascality going on! Weasel, no doubt, wrote that; I've heard him say it scores of times,' said Doem.

'Also, that I was worth twenty-five thousand dollars,' said Simeon, ruefully.

'Which is an infamous libel. I'd make 'em prove their words, Simeon. I wish I could catch some body putting that in black and white about me!'

After a little more conversation, Mr. Doem and Simeon went to drinking pretty steadily. Doem took large drinks, but Simeon made up for that by drinking while Doem was launching his denunciations at the Cabinet for its delay. One bottle had been finished, and the other having been commenced, Mr. Doem was getting 'pretty considerable drunk,' as Simeon afterward remarked, when another person entered. It was Mr. Weasel. Without any ceremony, Mr. Weasel seized upon the bottle and tumbler, and took a drink. He was very merry and pleasant; Mr. Doem, on the contrary, was rather savage and ill-tempered. With a look of ferocious contempt Doem eyed him, and said:

'You're here, are you?'

'Certainly I'm here,' replied Weasel: 'jest done work; I've been writing an article for our new paper. It is upon the importance of a good moral education for all the youth of the State, and in defence of the new-school law. Oh! it's a beautiful law! splendid! delightful! perfect! Them d——n rascals over the way says it wants amending, but

they are always against any thing moral. The love of ignorance and immorality as is to be found in that establishment is a disgrace to human nature.'

'Human nature about here is a disgrace any how,' said Doem. 'I wish I was a Turk, or a Mormon: d——d if I don't wish I was a Mormon!'

'I shouldn't care if you was,' said Weasel. 'And if them fellows over the way would jine the church and go off along with you to the Salt Lake, I should be glad. Why a'n't them scamps in favor of education and morality? We goes in for education and morality in our new concern. Let's have a little game at euchre. What d'ye say, boys?'

'The last time we played euchre here on a Sunday, I caught you with two Jacks between your knees,' said Doem, with disgust.

'All an accident. Do you think I'd cheat two old friends?'

'I know you would if you could,' returned Doem.

Mr. Weasel appealed by a look to Simeon. The latter said nothing, but shook his head despondingly, as if he had, like Doem, lost all confidence in human nature.

'Sit round; I'll get the cards,' said Weasel.

Mr. Doem kept all his effects in a hat-box, and in this he had placed the letter from Washington. Weasel went to the box for the cards, and seeing the letter with the post-mark 'Washington,' he cried: 'What's this?' and opened it.

'I say!' roared Doem, 'drop that letter! What the d—l do you mean by coming into a gentleman's apartment, drinking his liquor without being asked, and reading his letters?'

'All right! I was after the cards,' said Weasel.

The cards were produced by Doem, and the three sat down to 'cut-throat.' The stake was a quarter each game; and it may have been that Mr. Weasel was out of luck; or it is possible that Doem and Simeon had an understanding, for though both of them were nearly drunk, Weasel lost every game. Mr. Weasel's change to the amount of seventy-five cents was soon lost, and then he proposed to collect of each of his friends the amount of their subscriptions to the new paper. It is needless to say that Doem received this proposition with undisguised contempt. From Simeon it met with a decided refusal. Doem and Simeon were about to play at single-handed euchre, when the former was called out of the room. He returned in a few minutes, and drank about half a tumbler of liquor.

'Simeon,' said he, 'your goose is cooked! The mail-agent is appointed; a fellow from Sucking county; I saw him down below in the office.'

'Ah!' said Weasel, 'I must see him. He's the best man for the office in Ohio. We procured his appointment, we did.'

'You did, hey?' said Doem. 'I suppose you abused him. Now travel out of this apartment! Vamose the ranch! Cut!'

Mr. Weasel made his exit, as Doem advanced upon him fiercely, and in his hurry forgot his hat and cane. Doem kicked the hat down-stairs after him. The cane was a handsome one, presented to him by a member of Congress for services rendered—no doubt in the cause of *morality*.

Without any respect for the donor or the owner, Doem pitched it out of the window. After this little exertion, Doem sat down again opposite Simeon. Turning a glance of drunken solemnity upon the latter, he cried :

‘Simeon, Simeon, lovest thou me?’

‘Don’t I!’ cried Simeon. ‘This here note for fifteen dollars, money lent’ —

‘This is no time to talk about small pecuniary obligations,’ returned Doem. ‘My character has been attacked; I have been said to be a conductor on the under-ground line. The treachery of friends and the ingratitude of republics have done me and you out of offices. I have lost a foreign appointment in endeavoring to have you made mail-agent; and the inhabitants of Cutugutulang must get along as well as they can without me for Consul. Simeon, I’ve been a true friend of yours; give me that five dollars that you owe me on the note.’

Simeon, who was now terribly depressed, declined to do this, but stretched out his hand to grasp the bottle. It encountered the hand of Mr. Doem, extended for the same purpose; and between them the bottle was thrown down and broken.

‘Here’s a precious go!’ said Doem. ‘I shall always regret this sad event. [It is uncertain whether he referred to the loss of the appointment, or the spilling of the whiskey.] This is like life: we thirst after happiness, and we think we are going to get it; but when the cup of felicity is at our longing lips, it is dashed away and upshot.’

As Mr. Doem delivered himself of this piece of philosophy, his head fell upon his breast, and his friend Simeon fell upon the *floor*.

THE JOY OF THE HARP

I.

In the day-spring of life, when existence was gladness,
On the wide heathy mountains, apart from the throng,
I felt in this bosom the minstrel’s sweet madness,
The pains and the transports of music and song;
And when morn with its dews and its fragrance was fading,
Though the cold and the worldly would cavil and carp,
I turned with new love from their harshest upbraiding,
To the sound that first charmed me — the voice of the harp.

II.

The names and the deeds which are fairest in story,
The great and eternal, the just and divine,
The prophet’s true words and the martyr’s pure glory —
Such thoughts in those hours of enchantment were mine;
And when manhood was come with its weary revealings,
No crowds could estrange me, no falsehood could warp;
I clave but the more to my boyhood’s fresh feelings,
My boyhood’s chief treasure — the wealth of the harp.

III.

Nor, when age with its weakness and woe shall oppress me,
When the mist and the shadow shall close round me fast,
Though the present may vex and the future distress me,
Will I cherish less warmly this light of the past;
And when Death the strong links which now bind me shall sever
With a weapon thrice welcome, though searching and sharp,
Let me share, with the wise and the faithful, for ever,
The rapture of angels — THE JOY OF THE HARP.

JAMES GILBORNE LYONS

L I F E ' S S E T T I N G S U N .

I know there is a bitter cup
Its draught for me preparing;
It cometh soon, I drink it up,
My thoughts no others sharing.
My life has had a clouded morn,
With sun-bursts o'er it flying,
Like hectic flushes that adorn
A cheek that is but dying.

I feel a hand upon my brow:
Can the cold HAND be colder?
At heart a gnawing, even now:
Can the bold worm be bolder?
There is a weight upon my breast —
I know earth must be lighter;
Do some bright dreams come o'er my rest?
The flowers o'er graves are brighter.

I wander oft among the dead,
Where green leaves wave above them,
And night and morn bright dew-drops shed,
Like tears of those that love them.
They sleep: their rest is calm and deep;
They know no feverish waking:
The lovely, holy dead may sleep,
While life's strong heart is breaking.

Those sun-bursts, falling quick and full,
When clouds around were broken,
Were flashes of the Beautiful —
Of what should be a token.
And joy came o'er me like a sea:
I know, when life is riven,
Such joy, but deepened in degree,
Will be the bliss of heaven.

The sun whence flowed these gleams of day
Was hidden from my vision,
Till slowly rolled the clouds away,
And burst the light elysian.
My soul was lost in light and love,
As it had passed the portals
Of that calm home we place above,
Where dwell the bright immortals.

But oh! the sun is setting now —
That sun so bright and holy!
It hangs just o'er a mountain's brow,
I see it sinking slowly.
That bitter cup, it cometh soon,
Whose taste shall vanish never;
Life's sun has had no glorious noon;
I know it sets for ever.

MOULTS FROM THE WING OF A WHITE BLACK-BIRD;

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET

N EC PLURIBUS IMPAR.

FEATHER ONE.

It may be a fine position — but it is decidedly a very painful one — that of an abnormal bird. That's my position. I'm not a myth, a fabulous creation, for you'll find me figuring in Buffon; but, dear me! I'm very uncommon and difficult to catch. Would to HEAVEN that I were utterly impossible!

I am a white black-bird. My parents were exceedingly respectable black black-birds; and they resided for many years at the retired end of an old garden, in the suburbs of Paris.

Their domestic arrangements were most exemplary. Whilst my mother, embowered in the tangled thicket, laid regularly three times a year, hatching, even in her sleep, with a devotion almost amounting to superstition, my father, who, in spite of his advanced years, was still very sleek and active, foraged in the vicinity all the morning, procuring the most delicate insects, which he presented daintily to her by the tail; and then, when the shades of evening came on, and the weather was favorable, he used to treat her to a song that enlivened the whole neighborhood.

Not a breath arose to trouble their placid lives; not a cloud to darken their sun-shine, until I came into the world — an event which had hardly taken place, when, for the first time in his life, my father began to show signs of bad temper; for although my down, at this stage of my existence, was only of a dubious gray color, yet he could not help seeing that I differed materially, in general appearance, from all the rest of his numerous progeny.

'Look at that dirty little bird,' he used to say, eyeing me with a look of contempt; 'it seems to me that the little beast goes out of his way to wallow in rubbish and filth, for the purpose of making himself as nasty and ugly as possible.'

'Ah! my love,' rejoined my mother, as she sat with her plumage plumped out over the sides of her nest, which was built upon an old sauce-pan, 'don't you know that at his age it's quite natural? Were n't you just as bad yourself when you were a birdling? Wait till Merlin grows up a little, and see how pretty he will be. I think he is one of the best birds I ever laid.'

But although my poor mother thus defended me, she could not conceal from herself the melancholy fact; for day after day, as she noted the growth of my plumage, she saw that I was a monster. It is the way with all mothers. They take upon themselves the blame of any deformity in their off-pring, lavishing doubly their love to make up for the negligence of nature.

When the time of my first moult arrived, my father became very gloomy, and watched the process with considerable attention. As long as my feathers were falling out, he was placid in his demeanor, and even kind to me, for I remember he gave me some very nice chicken-paste one day, as I sat, almost naked, shivering in a corner; but the moment my perished pinions began to bud out anew, he flew into such a paroxysm of fury as each white feather appeared, that I sometimes feared he intended to pluck me periodically for the rest of my life.

Unfortunately, I had not access to a looking-glass, so that I was totally at a loss to account for his displeasure; and I continually wondered why this best of fathers treated unoffending me with such invariable cruelty.

One morning, when the glad sun-shine and the comfort of my increasing plumage had warmed me into joy in spite of myself, I set to dancing about one of the green alleys, and — wretch that I was — actually began to sing.

At the first note I uttered, my father jumped up into the air as if he was shot.

‘What’s that I hear there?’ cried he, breathless with rage and astonishment; ‘is that the way a black-bird sings? — is that the way I sing? — is that singing?’ — and, rushing at my mother with a terrible expression of fury:

‘Baggage!’ thundered he, ‘who has been laying in your nest?’

At these words my poor mother rose indignant from her seat upon the sauce-pan, nearly spraining one of her ankles in the effort. She tried to speak, but sobs strangled her utterance, and she fell swooning to the ground.

I thought she was dying, and, trembling with fear, I threw myself at my father’s feet:

‘Oh, papa!’ said I, ‘if I sing out of tune, and am of the wrong color, pray don’t visit my misfortunes on mama! Is it *her* fault if nature has denied me a voice like yours? Is *she* to blame if I possess not your beautiful orange-tawny bill and vestment of sable velvet? If PROVIDENCE has seen fit to make a monster of me, let the misery fall on me, and on me only!’

‘That’s none of your business!’ cried he. ‘I want to know what you mean by singing after that fashion, and who taught you to squall in a way contrary to all the usages and rules of music?’

‘Alas! Sir,’ answered I, meekly, ‘I sang as well as I could: the fine weather made me feel unusually cheerful to-day; perhaps, also, I have partaken rather too freely of flies.’

‘None of that song in *my* family!’ roared my father, with fierce emphasis. ‘From father to son we have sung to the same tune for generations; and when *I* roll forth my voice o’ mornings, the respectable old gentleman who lives on the first floor yonder, and the pretty grisette who occupies the garret over him, open their windows to listen. Isn’t it enough that I have to put up with your infernal white feathers, that make you look as if you slept in a flour-barrel? If I wasn’t the most indulgent of black-birds, I’d long since have plucked you as bare as a barn-door pullet ready for the spit!’

‘Then, Sir,’ cried I, shocked at the injustice of my parent, ‘if that is

all, the matter is easily settled. I will relieve you from my presence. No longer shall your eyes be blighted with the sight of this melancholy white tail, which you do nothing but pull from morning to night. I go, Sir. Plenty of other children you will have to console you in your declining age, considering that my mother lays three times a year; but, as for this child, he will seek in other climes a solace for his many woes: and perhaps,' added I, sobbing, 'perhaps he may find, in some distant kitchen-garden or foreign gutter, a sufficiency of caterpillars or of spiders to sustain his miserable existence!'

'You can do as you please,' said my father, not in the least softened by my humility; 'get out of my sight! you're no son of mine! you're not a black-bird!'

'Then pray what *am* I, Sir? if I may be so bold as to ask.'

'I know nothing about that; but you're not a black-bird.'

And with these terrible words my father left me. My mother arose, and returned, with faltering steps, to her nest upon the sauce-pan, where she brooded in silence over her eggs and her injuries.

As for me, forlorn and desponding, I fluttered up into the air as well as I was able, and took my flight for the gutter of a neighboring mansion.

FEATHER TWO.

My father was so cruel as to let me remain for several days in my mortifying position on that dreary house-top. But, in spite of his violence, he had a good heart; and I could see, from the look with which he ever and anon regarded me, that he secretly desired to pardon and recall me to the bosom of the family. My mother constantly looked up at me with her tearful eye, and she sometimes even ventured to address me with a little plaintive cry. But my fearful white plumage evidently inspired them both with an involuntary repugnance and terror, for which I too well saw there was no remedy.

'I'm not a black-bird,' repeated I to myself.

And, one morning, as I plumed my drooping feathers and looked in the water of the gutter, I saw, for the first time, how different indeed I was from the rest of the family; and again I exclaimed:

'I'm not a black-bird. Good PROVIDENCE! deign to inform me what I am!'

One particular night, when the rain came down in torrents, worn out with hunger and grief, I was trying to compose myself for sleep, when there alighted near me a bird, wetter, paler, and thinner than I could have supposed it possible for a bird to be. As well as I could make him out through the deluge of rain that enveloped us, he was somewhat of my own color; but although he was bigger than me, he had hardly feathers enough on his body to clothe a sparrow. At the first glance, he seemed to me to be a very poor, miserable bird; but with all that, and in the teeth of the tempest that beat upon his bald head, he had about him an air of nobility that prepossessed me in his favor, and so I made him a very low bow — a mark of politeness which he acknowledged by giving me a poke with his beak that nearly sent me spinning off the gutter.

'Who are you?' cried he, addressing me in a voice as thick as his

feathers were thin, as I retired scratching my ear with a disconcerted look. 'Who are you?'

'Alas! my Lord,' answered I, fearful of another poke, 'I don't know who I am or what I am. I used to think I was a black-bird, but I have good reason now to know that I'm not.'

The originality of my reply, together with the tone of sincerity in which I delivered it, seemed to interest him. He approached, and requested me to relate my history, which I did with a sadness and humility becoming to my position, and to the sombre mood of the elements.

'If you were a carrier-pigeon, like me,' said he, when he had heard me, 'such trifles as you are worrying yourself about would not give you a moment's uneasiness. We are travellers; 'tis our vocation. Clearing the air, annihilating space, scudding above the peaked mountains, breathing the blue ether of heaven, instead of the yellow fog of earth, and arriving at our destination as swiftly and surely as the unerring arrow at the target; that's what *we* call life. I travel farther in a day than a man can in a week.'

'Upon my word, Sir,' said I, encouraged by his familiarity, 'you must be a regular gipsy of a bird.'

'I don't mind acknowledging that,' rejoined he; 'I belong to no country in particular. There are only three things that I care about: my wings, my wife, and my family. Wherever my wife is, that's my home.'

'But what is the meaning, pray, of that packet suspended about your neck?'

'That packet,' said he, drawing himself up, 'contains dispatches of great importance, which I am carrying to Brussels. They are addressed to a celebrated banker there, and bring news that will considerably affect the funds.'

'Goodness gracious!' cried I, 'what a fine life yours must be; and Brussels, too, what a nice place it must be to visit! Could n't you take me with you, Sir? If I'm not a black-bird, perhaps I'm a carrier-pigeon.'

'If you were one of *us*,' observed he, 'you'd have returned the poke I gave you with my bill just now.'

'Well, Sir,' said I, 'I can give you that at a moment's notice; we'll not quarrel about such a trifle as that. But look! morning dawns apace, and the tempest is subsiding. Pray let me follow you. I am a lost bird, with no prospect in this world, and if you refuse my request, there's nothing left for me but to seek a watery grave in this gutter.'

'Forward, then! follow if you can!'

I cast one last look at the garden where my mother was calmly sleeping; one solitary tear coursed silently down to the tip of my beak, but the wind and the rain annihilated it; and I opened my wings and flew away.

FEATHER THREE.

Mr wings were by no means as yet fully developed, and as my guide sped along like the wind, I followed in his wake with no breath to spare. For some time, however, I kept the pace pretty well; but, at last, I was seized with such a dizziness that I felt as if I must give in.

'Have we much farther to go?' asked I, in feeble accents.

'No,' said he; 'we are just at Bourget, and haven't much more than sixty leagues to get over now.'

I tried to pluck up a little courage, not wishing him to think me chicken-hearted; and so I still kept up for about a quarter of an hour, when I found it was impossible to go any farther.

'Can't we stop for a few minutes, Sir?' stammered I; 'I am dreadfully thirsty; and if we were only to perch upon a tree' —

'Go to the Devil, you infernal black-bird!' cried the carrier, in a fearful passion; and he sped on his way without even condescending to look back at me; whilst I, stunned and blind from exhaustion, went whirling down through the air, and fell into a field of wheat.

How long I may have lain senseless there I know not; but, when consciousness returned, the first thing that flashed upon me was the expression of the carrier-pigeon, 'You infernal black-bird!' and I thought to myself how my beloved parents must have made a mistake; how I would immediately return to the paternal perch; how they would receive me with open wings as their true and legitimate offspring; and what a snug corner would be allotted to me amongst the comfortable foliage hard by my tender mother's nest.

I made an effort to rise, but fatigue from my exertions, and the pain caused by my fall, paralyzed my limbs, and I had hardly regained my feet when weakness again seized me, and I fell on my side. The chill hand of death seemed to be already grasping me, when I beheld, approaching on tip-toe, through the blue corn-flowers and scarlet poppies, two persons of very prepossessing appearance.

One of them was a spruce little lady magpie, elegantly marked, and the other a roseate turtle-dove.

The turtle stopped when within a few hops of where I lay, regarding me with a look of modesty mingled with compassion; but the magpie sidled up to me, with a grace that was extremely bewitching.

'Alas! poor youth, what evil has befallen thee?' asked she, in a clear, ringing, silver voice.

'Ah! my lady,' answered I, for I thought she must have been a marchioness at least, 'I am an unfortunate traveller, whose courier has deserted him upon the road, and am at the point of perishing with hunger and thirst.'

'Dear me! you don't say so!' chattered she, and immediately she went fluttering amongst the briers and bushes that were near at hand, coming and going from this side and that, and bringing me a great variety of berries and fruits, of which she made a little heap beside me, never ceasing, all the while, to chatter and ask questions.

'Well, but who *are* you, and where do you come from? Bless me! what a singular adventurous youth, travelling alone, and all so young, too; for I see you're only just over your first moult. Where are you going? Who are your parents, and where do they live? and, dear me! how could they think of leaving you so much to yourself? *Does* your mother know you're out? Gracious goodness! goodness gracious! it's enough to make the feathers of one's head stand on end!'

Whilst she ran on thus, I raised myself on one side, and ate with a

very good appetite. The turtle-dove stood motionless, still regarding me with her meek look of pity, when, observing that I turned toward her with a languid air, she seemed at once to understand that I wished for something to drink; so she gathered from a sprig of chick-weed a crystal bead which rested there after the night's rain, and brought it to me delicately with her beak, in all its freshness. Surely, if I had not been very ill indeed, a turtle of such reserved manners could never have paid me so much personal attention!

Hitherto, I had not known what love was, but now I felt my heart beating quickly. A mysterious charm was stealing over me; a double spell, arising from two sources; for, with my lively little purveyor on this side, and my sweet little cup-bearer on that, I could have been content to breakfast thus every morning for the rest of my life. But, unfortunately, every thing must come to an end, even the appetite of a convalescent white black-bird. And so, the repast finished, and my vigor somewhat reëstablished, I satisfied the curiosity of the little magpie, by confiding to her my unhappy history, with all the candor with which I had recounted it to the carrier-pigeon the night before.

She heard me with more serious attention than I could have given her credit for; and the turtle-dove, too, gave me tokens of the greatest sympathy and commiseration. But when I came to mention the most painful circumstance connected with my history — I mean the fact of my not knowing who or what I was — the magpie broke in with:

'*You* a black-bird! *you* a carrier-pigeon! Nonsense, my dear Sir! You're a magpie, if ever there was a magpie. And a very good-looking magpie you are, too,' added she, playfully tapping me with her wing, which she flirted like a fan.

'But, my lady,' remarked I, 'it seems to me that I'm all of one color, and for a magpie, you know' —

'Ah, yes, but you're a Russian magpie, my dear Sir, a Russian magpie. You don't know, perhaps, that they're entirely white? Dear me! how pleasant it is to meet with one so unsophisticated!'

'But how,' resumed I, 'how can I be a Russian magpie, when I was hatched in a garden of Paris, as I think I have already mentioned to your ladyship?'

'Child of innocence! have we not had foreigners in the land? Flatter not thyself that thou art the only trace of them. Follow me, simple one, and I will straightway lead thee forth, and show thee all that is beautiful on earth.'

'And whither, my lady? if I may be so bold.'

'To my bower in the green-wood, child. When you see the life we lead there, you'll not want to be any thing else than a magpie. Our society numbers one hundred. None of your coarse, mendicant magpies that forage about the roads are we, but all of noble race, and a goodly company. Each of us is marked with seven black bars and five white. That is our invariable distinction, and we despise every thing of a different feather. To be sure, *you* have n't got the black bars, but that, as you are a Russian magpie, will not debar you from our coterie. Our whole life is made up of two elements — dress and cackle. From morning to noon we dress; and from noon to night we cackle, perched upon

the tallest trees in the wood. In the depth of the forest there stands a great old oak, now, alas! no longer inhabited. It was the palace of our late lamented sovereign, Pie the Tenth, and thither do we periodically make a pilgrimage in mournful silence; but with the exception of this transient grief, our life is one of wondrous felicity. Proud, indeed, we are, and unlucky is the jay or other plebeian that forces himself into our set, for we pluck such intruders unmercifully. But, nevertheless, we protect the weak; and the sparrows, the tit-mice, and the goldfinches, that inhabit our borders, find us ever ready to assist, cherish, and defend them. With all our chatter, too, there is less slander among us than you will find in most other communities.'

'Tis a pleasant picture, my lady,' said I: 'but before I do myself the honor of accepting your invitation, permit me to address a few words to Miss Dove. Pray, young lady,' continued I, approaching the latter, 'do you see any thing about me that would lead you to suspect me of being a Russian magpie?'

At this question the dove dropped her eye-lids, and her plumage mantled with a pale rose-blush.

'Indeed, Sir,' lisped she, 'I can hardly tell.'

'Do speak,' urged I; 'my question conceals no sinister purpose; but the fact is, I must immediately decide on what I am, magpie or otherwise, in order that I may redeem a solemn pledge by which I have mentally bound myself to offer my heart and pinions to her whom destiny points out to me. And,' added I, dropping my voice to a whisper, 'I cannot look upon you without experiencing a mysterious sympathy that seems to tell me I, too, am a turtle.'

'It's very strange!' said the dove, blushing to the tips of her feathers; 'perhaps it's only the sun-light falling on you through these scarlet poppies; but, certainly, your plumage seems to me to have a faint tinge of' —

She could not trust herself to say the word.

My mind was rapidly becoming a chaos of perplexity. Who was I to believe, or how to dispose of my heart, thus cruelly divided? Admirable in theory, O Socrates, was that renowned precept of thine, 'Know thyself,' but to me utterly impracticable.

An idea flashed upon me. Since the morning my unlucky vocal efforts had so irritated my worthy father, I had not lifted up my voice; but it occurred to me now that I might make it the means of coming at the truth; for, although the first stave I ever sung only produced the effect of my being kicked out of doors, yet I was in hopes that the second would be attended with happier results.

Animated with the idea, I first bowed politely, as if to claim some indulgence on the score of the recent severe weather to which I had been exposed. I then commenced my song with a soft, low whistle, gradually rising into a warble adorned with a variety of cadences, till at last I burst forth with a flood of wild melody, bold as the day-break whistle of a Spanish muleteer.

At the first bar of my song, the magpie retreated to some distance, eyeing me with suspicion. At the second bar, she looked disgusted, and even frightened, and kept careering round me in a circle of safe diameter.

like a cat round something she would like to have, but that happens to be too hot for her. But, although I saw the effect of my melody, I was determined to go through with it; and so, the more disgusted she looked, the louder I sang.

She endured the infliction with great fortitude for, I think, about twenty-five minutes, when she rose from the ground with a piercing shriek, and fled swiftly away to her bower in the green-wood.

The turtle was enjoying a tranquil slumber. She had fallen asleep the moment I began to sing.

'Music!' said I to myself, 'so much for thy vaunted charms!' and I wondered whether I should ever again behold my dear native garden and the beloved maternal nest.

I rose to depart, and the flutter of my wings awoke the turtle.

'Graceful stranger,' said she, 'farewell; exceedingly amiable thou art, but decidedly a bore. My name is Gourouli; you'll think of me sometimes, won't you?'

'Beautiful Gourouli,' replied I, as I flew away, 'and good as thou art beautiful, I could live and die for thee, and for thee alone; but, alas! thy roseate destiny, I fear, can never be linked with mine!'

L I N E S : A U T U M N .

BY LAWRENCE LARREZ.

'Tis autumn, and the nuts are brown;
'Tis one of Autumn's golden days,
And the many-tinted leaves come down
Through the lazy Indian haze
That lies on lake and mountain like a swoun!

O'erhead, the crow, on heavy wing,
Hoarse answering to his distant mate,
Flies past; and through the old woods ring
Such notes of joy, the scene, elate,
But for a falling leaf, seems once more spring.

Amid the stubble bronzed and sere
The cricket chirps a plaintive note,
Fond music to the rustic's ear;
And from each warbler's reedy throat
Gushes the requiem of the dying year.

'Mid the gnarled trunks of hollow trees
The squirrel hides his winter store,
Where, safe from the inclement breeze,
And storms that spend their fury o'er
The frozen plains, he lives in slothful ease.

And when the twilight shades enfold
With misty light the brow of heaven,
And clouds of crimson and of gold
Mottle the azure skies of even,
And lengthening shadows creep across the wold :

How sweet with pensive thought to stray
Mid falling leaf and dying flower,
And watch the lingering sun-beams play
Where yonder mountain-turrets tower —
The last sad farewell of the parting day !

And when the moon-light evenings gleam
Upon the swarded fields, or throw
Grim shadows from the wood, that seem
Like dusky giants, while below,
Far in the valley, shines a mist like snow :

The rabbit leaves her safe retreat,
Deep hidden in the silent dell,
And with the velvet of her feet
Frightens the spider from his cell,
And skips to where the bladed grass is sweet.

While from the forest, where the light
Of day scarce pierces through the gloom,
Perched on the pluméd pine-tree's height,
Like a gray prophet of his doom,
Hoots the barred owl the solitary night.

And from those lonely wooded aisles
Come mystic murmurs, strange and low,
Like pagan music from the piles
Reared in dim ages, long ago !
Come mystic murmurs from those dark defiles !

Unseen, but still a royal court,
The elves and fairies dance about
Amid the fern in giddy sport,
Or from the hollow chestnut shout,
Or in the moss-cups hide in sweet disport !

Oh, glorious Autumn ! what a charm there lies
In the sad glory of thy fading hour !
Like the blue depths of love expiring eyes,
Or the last perfume of the dying flower,
Or twilight sleeping in thy mellow skies.

And when no more my lamp of life shall burn,
And DEATH's dark angel shall announce my doom,
If but my longing eyes on thee can turn,
I ask no other pageant to the tomb,
No other trophy for my humble urn !

Hoboken, (N. J.,) 1853.

H A R P I N G S U P O N H A D E S .

BY C. A. ALEXANDER.

SOUTHEY somewhere tells us that it was an early and favorite design of his to embody the prevalent superstitions of the world in a series of narrative poems. Ophiism and Obiism, Shamanism and Shigemmoonism were upon this plan, we may suppose, to have received the same illustration which has given a *Thalaba* to Arabia, and a *Kehama* to India; ghouls, jinns, devs, elves, incubi, mumbo-jumbos, and wau-waus were to dance in bewildering and endless confusion through a thousand quartos. For, as all mankind, unhappily, have been too prone to the delusion which Rousseau imputed to Voltaire—*paraissant toujours croire en Dieu, il n'a réelment jamais cru qu'au diable*—and as the result has been a chaos of absurdity to which the mind of man can fix no limit, nothing less than a mountain of books could have exhausted the subject or the fecundity of the prolific doctor. The disgust of Byron at 'an epic from Bob Southey every spring' must have been aggravated into mute astonishment at the monthly parturition which such a scheme would have necessarily involved. The most implicit admirer of the poet's genius must infallibly have given in at some stage of the interminable process. Even a Quarterly Reviewer could not, it may be fairly assumed, have followed with plaudits much farther than the half-way house on that journey, which would have counted by quartos as by mile-stones the progress of the hierophant whose inconceivable rashness had engaged him in the attempt to illustrate, in epic proportions, the countless forms and amazing aberrations of human credulity.

Southey was learned and indefatigable, no doubt; but there must be an end of all things. In the Ashmolean Museum there hangs, or hung, a picture productive of any thing but comfortable sensations to such as might observe it narrowly. Some holy man of old, having made a vow to transcribe the entire Scriptures before taking either bread or water, is represented as engaged in his fearful and superhuman task. Frenzy glares in his eye; famine shrivels his cheek; his hand clutches the fatal style with a desperate energy, which shows that for him there is no escape from that self-imposed but deadly obligation. We know and feel that those fleshless fingers must drop lifeless on the page before they have accomplished the hundredth part of their destined labor. Yet this were but a type of his temerity who should undertake in his single strength to illustrate, on the scale of *Thalaba*, the endless developments of superstition and imposture. Were the unholy canon once for all definitively closed, the task would be appalling; but this, from its nature, is a work which, once begun, must be ever renewing. While Southey is disposing of *Seeva* and *Brahma*, Joanna Southcote has spawned a 'new religion' at his very door. When his over-wrought brain is growing dark, and his eloquent tongue mute, Mormonism and Rapperism are still amongst the latent glories of the age, and must expect their 'illustration' from other

hands. The Muses may well be excused from dragging their robes in that mire. The contents of the 'Infernal Dictionary' may be left unsung.

Happily for himself and his readers, Southey's project ended with the execution of the two poems already mentioned. His fine genius found a more human interest in 'Roderick,' and 'stooped to truth' with happy facility in the congenial themes of Nelson's victories and Wesley's preachings. The world had had enough of afreets and asuras, domdaniels and padalons, even when linked with the harmonies of Kehama, and illustrated with all the learning of pundits and puranas.

If in view only of its extent this stupendous enterprise was destined to inevitable failure, there were other considerations which might well have prevented its being ever thought of. Dr. Johnson is said to have remarked that nothing of rational interest was to be looked for beyond the circuit of the Christian and the Mohammedan world. In one point of view this might be conceded. If not absolutely peculiar to either, a jealousy of all idolatrous connection with material forms is common to both, and constitutes a ground of sympathy and respect which may justify the otherwise incongruous association. But no sooner do we step beyond the indicated circle than we are met at almost every point by a *fetichism* so gross and revolting that it is strange how Southey, with all his intrepidity, could have glanced at the details without acknowledging their unfitness for the purpose for which he designed them. On the horizon of heathenism the brute shape is every where in the ascendant as the symbol of divine wisdom and power, and the subject of religious consecration. In this single characteristic of gentile superstition, there would seem to be an end of all question respecting artistic adaptation. Poetry could hope for no palms in dealing with elements beneath whose influence the sister arts of sculpture and painting had every where visibly degenerated into deformity or insignificance.

One splendid exception, indeed, meets us at the outset; but it is an exception which places the principle in striking relief. The Greeks, fortunate and judicious in so many things, had the good-fortune or the good-sense to eschew the system of symbolization, which, whether dictated by priestcraft or superstition, had led elsewhere to the results referred to. With the gods of Egypt and India, the Greeks might have adopted the same modes of representing them which we see in the caverns of Ellora and the crypts of Memphis. Dog-headed, elephant-snouted, serpent-crested monsters might have usurped in Olympus the place of the Phidian Jove and the Orphic Apollo. Astarté, horrible with horns, might have supplanted Aphrodité with the incense-breathing tresses. In escaping this avatar of brutalism, Greek art vindicated for the idealized human form its title to be the highest expression attainable by man of the divine principle. The results have ever since fixed the admiration of the world; nor have poetry and art often deviated from the formulas of Greece without lapsing into extravagance and inconsistency.

In common with other mythologies, that of Greece sought to advance its torch into the realms of mystery and darkness which lie beyond the tomb. It may be doubted whether any other ever affected so great a familiarity with the scenery and processes of the nether world. No

itinerarium or periplus of ancient times was more distinct or detailed than that of Hades as progressively developed in the writings of philosophers and poets. 'Nota magis nulli domus est sua,' is the complaint of Juvenal. Even after the lapse of so many centuries, we seem still to recognize the innavigable river, the Rhadamanthine judgment-seat, the diverging paths, the three-fold destination of the dead; and this, not only by original report, but in the reflected imagery of Christian poets. For this perpetual anastasis the classic Hades is indebted, in no small measure, to a characteristic which distinguishes it from other mythological creations of a similar kind. In most of its details, the human and natural type is exclusively preserved. The imagination which traced the 'Campi Lugetes' was still busy with the forms and passions of humanity. The bowers and bloom of Elysium had been nurtured beneath Ionian skies. The allegorizing theogony of the catacombs, though certainly not absent, had made, apparently, but slight impression on the Greek mind, with its simply subjective and poetic modes of apprehension and expression. Hence it was possible for Dante and even Milton to appropriate largely from the images of their pagan predecessors without profaning the preconceptions of their own purer faith. The former of these poets, it is true, from his own genius as well as that of his age, inclines strongly to the grotesque element of representation, as may be exemplified in his transformation of Minos, the judge of hell, into a composite monster of no genus recognizable by Buffon or Cuvier; while Milton has only once resorted to the same means, in the episode of Sin and Death, symbolized by the reptile and the skeleton. That single instance, however, has shown how little reason we have to regret his farther abstinence from such machinery.

Sir Thomas Brown observes, after his own quaint manner, that 'a dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world might happily illustrate our ignorance of the next;' and it may seem possibly a bold and scarcely justifiable thing that the poets should have carried their constructive faculty into so grave a subject. They have but acted, however, in obedience to the over-mastering interest which has impelled mankind, in all ages, to form or to adopt some determinate image of their future condition; and they present themselves more as interpreters than artificers; the best, because the most disinterested interpreters of the religious instinct of their times. Let the conventional Hades take what shape or name it may, it will be found to possess striking affinities with the life and sentiments of the people. A Scandinavian Walhalla and a Siamese dream-heaven are the growth and complement respectively of states of society as widely distinguished as the riotous and stormy joys of the former from the eternal deliquium or self-absorption of the latter.

Every such creation, therefore, as possessing these affinities, may be worthy of attention, even when, like those which Southey affected, its forms may seem too harsh, intractable, or repulsive for poetic handling. But when these forms have been evolved by a purely religious and poetic sentiment from the traditions of a simple but imaginative age; when their organ is the noblest language, and their matrix the most plastic genius of the world, we have all the conditions of literary, perhaps even of

philosophic interest. Of absolute truth there can, of course, be little question. The mysterious Isis keeps from of old the veil which no mortal hath raised or can raise. Though the majestic outline might be visible to Homer as to Milton, the conjectural features are but at best the vain longing of the heart for something certain where all is uncertainty. Happier they, however, for whom that longing has been interpreted by the poet rather than the impostor. The Greeks were at least fortunate in being led by the winged Mercury into the abodes of silence and night.

HOMER.

‘MIRIFICE me inde a puerò detinere disputationes illæ veterum de rebus inferis, et opinationes de iis quæ post mortem obventura sunt.’

HEYNE.

THERE is a meteoric phenomenon sometimes observed at sea, to which sailors have given the homely but weird designation of *sun-dog*. It consists in the partial lifting up of the fog at a single point, where we look as through the arches of some long and dreary cavern at the wild play of waters far remote, illumined for the moment by the oblique rays of the morning sun. Even such a chasm has the Homeric luminary cleft for us through the impenetrable mists which had else for ever settled on the wastes of ethnic antiquity. On the dim and distant horizon, where the lowering heavens and the dark waters seem inseparably mingling, the veil is lifted up, and lo! the vast and gorgeous diorama of ‘Troy divine.’ We behold not merely the glancing splendors of Olympus, nor some Titanic or Cabiric cloud-picture, the exhalation of a casual or arbitrary fancy; the divine art of Homer, while it obliterates his own personality, brings before our eyes the whole inner and outward life of a world as distinctly individualized yet endlessly varied as though it had been projected by the silent and spontaneous energies of Nature herself. And as in every act of creation the forming hand moves from within, but is itself unrecognized or unknown, so it has befallen with Homer, hidden behind his great work, to have his age, his country, even his individuality questioned, while tradition points, with unhesitating confidence, to the coast where Troy sank before the wrath of Pelides, and states and dynasties have referred their pretensions to the Homeric record of the royal house of Atreus.

The poet who has given us this transcript of actual life, has not left us without a glimpse into the shadowy region which lies beyond it. The Hades of Homer is separated from the living world by unpiloted waters. Unlike that of Virgil, its point of access is left undetermined, nor are we told more than that it exists somewhere on ‘old ocean’s utmost bounds.’ But ocean was then the circumfluent stream which bound the earth in its mighty girdle, stretching away or sinking down into gulfs from which the mind might well recoil in perplexity and dismay. There Hades withdrew itself from the gaze of living men, deep beneath the foundations of the solid earth; and Tartarus hid in still lower depths that monstrous brood of Titans whom, as the enemies of order and symmetry, neither the gods nor Greek art could ever love to look upon. As for Elysium, the fair island of the blest, its image floated before the imagination of the Greeks under very uncertain conditions, both as to place and inhabitants. Its idea might be suggested by the feeling which, we know,

never ceased to importune and allure mankind, so long as it was possible to believe that our earth concealed some nook where man and nature revelled in unfading youth and guiltless enjoyment. The mariner's compass was sure, sooner or later, to disenchant the world of that pleasing illusion.

Hades, then, in its most comprehensive sense as the general receptacle of the dead, is limited, according to Homer, to the extreme borders of the earth and the abyss beneath it. The superincumbent ether is the habitation of the gods. Man, even in his disembodied condition, gravitates toward his native abode. His corporeal nature, indeed, is not entirely dissipated in death, for the spirit dreads a wound, and performs many of the functions of its former life.* The sentiments and habits remain much the same as before, drawing the ghosts into separate societies and classes. In the case of the mighty hunter Orion, 'the very beasts' which he had slain upon 'the lonely mountains' above, form the objects of his pursuit over 'the meads of asphodel' below; which would imply (if any consistency is to be looked for in such reveries) that the brute creation shares the ghostly immortality of the human race.

When Ulysses is to be dispatched to these spectral regions in order to consult the prophet Tiresias, he is but told to lift his sail, and a magic wind, supplied by Circé, speeds him on his destined course. All day he plodds an unknown waste; it is only when 'night rushes on the deep' that he reaches the dreary coast, which no sun ever visits; where trees, consecrated to the grave, the poplar, and willow, deepen the gloom of the perpetual twilight, and the infernal rivers rush onward to their ghostly destination. Beyond spreads ocean, still more awful in its inarticulate mystery, because not even conjecture as yet dared to picture an ulterior boundary, and in the ear of the Greek mariner the wail of spirits mingled strangely with the roar of its never-resting waters.

'ILLIC umbrarum tenui stridere volantum,
Flebilis auditur questus.'

The ancients, after all, seem to have been but poorly off in the matter of necromancy. They knew but one form, which is devolved with little variation from Homer to Lucan. The blood of black animals, honey, wine, and milk, were established ingredients in the classic incantation. It is to the ingenuity of modern times that we owe the recondite learning and endless distinctions upon this subject, which formed a labor of love to commentators like Bodinus, and which leave us to infer that the Father of lies—'veterator ille Satanas'—to whom such works are attributed, had acquired latterly more skill in his vocation, or had found, at least,

* In the single instance of HERCULES, the *Eidolon* or image is in Hades, the spirit in heaven among the gods. Here we have the first intimation of a compound spiritual nature in man, which was afterward greatly refined upon by the Platonists and later poets. OVID makes an accurate distribution of the component principles as understood in his day:

'TERRA tegit carnem, tumulum circumvolat umbra,
Orcus habet manes, spiritus astra petit.'

The notion about the stars, however, is peculiarly Roman; and, as has been justly remarked, 'it is always necessary to distinguish the ideas of the Latin poets, after the religion of ancient Latium had been blended with that of Greece, from the more simple, consistent, and dignified system of the Greeks in the days of HOMER and HESIOD.'

EDINBURGH REVIEW, 1815.

more versatile agents. The spells of Ulysses, however, if simple, are effectual. No sooner does the blood fill the foss around the extemporized altar than all Hades is moved from beneath, and the pale nations throng with wild tumult to the scene of evocation. The brandished falchion is necessary to coërcé them into order. An opportunity is thus offered, such as Homer never neglects, of entering upon a personal and genealogical description of the worthies, whether male or female, of prehistoric Greece.

First of the visionary throng advance the shades of women; whether assigned to this precedence through a spirit of gallantry rather unusual with Greek writers, or else by a quiet stroke of satire toward the sex, whom, in this very place, the poet taxes for an inquisitiveness which it is not always safe to gratify:

“WARNED by my ills, beware,” the shade replies,
 “Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;
 When earnest to explore thy secret breast,
 Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.”

In this procession of fair but mournful shapes, the glory of a yet elder Greece, each successive apparition is distinguished by her appropriate legend. Most of these, it is true, are of such a nature as to make it clear that credulity must have been the point of honor in ancient Hellas. To doubt the divinity of Zeüs or Poseïdon would have cast a horrible shade on the fair fame of the ‘first families’ of the land.

The *Eupatrides*, or Greek gentleman, must have been as jealous for the god-head of Ares as for the honor of his own grand-mother. When the voice of Persephoné, heard from afar, has recalled the female train, the fore-ground is next occupied by the old companions in arms of Ulysses who have preceded him into Hades. Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, pass in solemn review. Finally, shadowing the horizon like clouds or night, *ερεση νυκτι εοικως*, rise, vast and terrible, the phantoms of primeval kings and criminals, who, having equalled themselves with heaven, expiate, by strange punishments, the guilt of their insane pretensions. Here Tantalus pines with famine in the midst of plenty, Tityus feeds with his living flesh the unsated vultures, and Sysiphus urges upward the ‘huge stone’ whose rebound echoes and reëchoes for ever — in the heroics of Homer and Pope.

Such, briefly, are the scenery and process of the Homeric Necyia. Apart from its details, the general conception will not be denied to possess a certain gloomy vastness and sublimity highly appropriate to the subject. The world-wanderer by his rude altar on the confines of a shoreless ocean; the throng of spirits summoned by potent spells, and floating dimly above the heaving surge; clouds tinged with the lurid splendors of Hades, blended in the distance with the spectral forms of the primeval giants; these compose a scene not unworthy to have been traced by the hand of the lamented artist to whom we owe the visionary grandeurs of the ‘Voyage of Life.’ It would be difficult, certainly, to reconcile some of the accessories with any notions which we at present entertain of the proprieties of ghostly demeanor. These are traits which the modern pencil would cast discreetly into shade. Their prominence with Homer might be justified by the peculiarities of the medium through which he

viewed them, and which could scarcely be expected to transmit metaphysical images without some distortion. Every age has thus its moral and intellectual atmosphere, possessing different degrees and modes of refraction. The world is never without its chimeras, though not always of the same pattern.

The ghosts in Homer's Hades drink the sacrificial blood with astonishing eagerness. In Olympus, the gods have at least one annual feast, in addition, we may suppose, to daily rations of nectar and ambrosia. In camp and court, kings and heroes arrogate to themselves the prerogatives of the larder, and cook, and carve, and distribute food with a solemn sense of the responsibilities of the function. This whole class of Homeric phenomena, which may be called the gastronomic, some of which shock our reason, as others violate our ideas of fitness and congruity, should evidently be referred to one leading condition of human existence at the period of which they are predicated. It is in vain for Athenæus to discourse to us about the four daily meals of the Greeks in those old heroic times. As if breakfast and lunch, dinner and supper had been as well assured and regularly served at the leaguer of Troy and in the little hard-beset citadels of Pylos and Mycenæ, as in the luxurious *salles* of the Palais Royale, when there is not an *emeute* on hand, or perhaps even when there is. As if the fruits of the earth and the herds of the field were as secure, the commissariat as effective, the purveyorship as regular, in heroic communities—that is to say, under circumstances of perpetual strife, pillage, homicide, and spoliation—as these things are wont to be; though not without woeful exceptions, in times when commerce, to say nothing of Christianity, has given us some guaranty for our daily bread. No such regular system of feeding could possibly have existed at the time of which we are speaking. On the contrary, the question, not of regular supply, but of possible subsistence, must have assumed a vast, a gigantic importance in comparison with every other question or concernment of daily life. Every meal must have been as a boon wrested from the hand of danger, and the satisfaction of appetite been not less pregnant with high and stirring associations, than the satisfaction of revenge or hatred; the only other interest which could rival it in importance, though not in urgency.

Hunger was therefore, in the eyes of Homer, 'a sacred thing,' not unworthy of gods and spiritual natures. It was venerable not only as 'the eldest and fiercest of instincts,' but, in the same way with the Eumenides, as an ever-imminent if suspended scourge. The gravity of the subject in all its relations gave it, likewise, an æsthetic aspect, and justified the poet in lavishing the full pomp of his flowing hexameters upon processes which, with all their merit, are not usually thought to fall within the range of artistic description. Spits and skewers, certainly, are not in themselves objects of much inherent dignity, yet Homer handles them with as little sense of degradation as the sword and buckler; and in Greek, it must be owned, they sound quite as euphoniously. It is just as much a matter of course for the son of Thétis to slaughter his own mutton as to carve the limbs of the Trojans; nor does he lose one atom of respectability, in Homer's estimation, when engaged in the former office more than in the latter.

'Thus did he speak, and anon upspringing, swift-footed ACHILLES
Slaughtered a white-wooled sheep, and his followers skinned it expertly;
Skillfully then they divided and skewered, and, carefully roasting,
Drew from the spits; and AUTOMEDON came, bringing bread to the table,
Piled upon baskets fair; but for all of them carved the Peleides.'

The *cuisine* has had no such ministers and no such honors since then. Or, if an exception is to be made in behalf of our modern literature, it is but in one solitary instance, of which the only Iliad is a short but inimitable letter by Madame de Sevigné. There, indeed, the incidents of gastronomy are once more idealized into true epic interest and solemnity. The 'Grand Vatel,' who is the hero of that epos, was alone worthy, of all modern masters, to have had Patroclus for a colleague and Achilles for a carver. But Homer himself has left us no testimony more convincing of the grave and even tragic interest which the exigencies of the heroic era associated with the appeasement of appetite, than is given in the last melancholy conferences of Priam and Achilles over the body of Hector. Hunger is there set forth as the natural and unquestionable counterpoise of all affections, even of despair itself; and the reasoning is skillfully reinforced by allusion to another instance in which this grand prophylactic had proved its efficacy under circumstances of still more wide and wasting desolation than those of Priam:

'For not unmindful of food in her sorrow was NIOBE, fair-haired;
Albeit she in her dwelling lamented for twelve of her offspring,
Done unto death by APOLLO and ARTEMIS, arrow-delighting.'

If the psychology of Homer is, from the above and other causes, obscure and inconsistent, it may be said, on the other hand, that his views of the moral or penal condition of the dead are more reasonable than those of most Hadistic poets. His fancy expatiates in no scenes of physical torture. The pains, if any, are the pains of reflection and remorse. But here, probably, the poet was indebted to the simplicity of his age, which had as yet received but little illumination from the allegorists or the casuists. The religious sentiment, in the mean time, which could follow the departing spirit with no distinctness beyond the tomb, sought to indemnify itself by a more scrupulous care of the perishable elements. Hence, the transcendent importance of the sepulchral rites, for which even Jove is solicitous in the case of his son Sarpedon.

To γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.

Not as Pope has misinterpreted these simple terms:

'WHAT honors mortals after death receive,
Those *unavailing* honors we may give.'

for, as every school-boy knows, those honors were not only *not* unavailing, but were absolutely essential to the admission of the wandering *psyché* into settled quarters. Of some permanent distinction in its after fate, Homer is by no means insensible, for he has constituted Minos the law-giver of the dead. But, except in the case of the mighty malefactors before noticed, whose punishment, like their crimes, is exceptional, we hear of no positive infliction, and are led to infer that the poet knew nothing of the topographical divisions and penal arrangements of Hades,

mapped and described with so much precision by his more sagacious or more presumptuous successors.

One great, plaintive, and depressing sentiment, indeed, pervades the whole region. It is the absorbing and endless regret for that fair land of Greece, those loved shores of the *Ægean*, from which the inmates of Hades are now for ever separated. No hopelessness of return, no familiarity with the 'Elysian beauty' or solemn grandeur of their new abode, can once divert them from the contemplation of their former condition. They live only in their recollections, as exiles on a strange coast, pining with the sickness of the heart for that lost home. With them the 'dulces Argos' night-mares the dreams of eternity. Ajax will never forget the lost arms, nor can Achilles be flattered into momentary exultation at the manifest sovereignty which attends him into Hades.

'RATHER he'd choose laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead.'

Discouraging thoughts, it must be owned, for those who might be disposed to emulate the 'goddess-born' in a preference of glorious and early death to long and ignoble life. But how tax the old necrologist with inconsistency, when the error from which it springs is flagrant in every part of our own experience? Our senses and our judgment are alike deceptive in the matter of proportion. The present is exorbitantly aggrandized by our ignorance and weakness, as external objects are sometimes magnified by the very circumstances which narrow and limit the observer's horizon. When the field of human knowledge was restricted to a few inlets of the Mediterranean, and ten long years might be wasted between Ilium and Ithaca, the world seemed, no doubt, illimitable, and its affairs acquired a corresponding interest and importance. In such a state of things, the strife of two neighboring villages unsettles the universe. The rant of Dryden's Almanzor, a little altered, becomes applicable, with scarcely a paradox; and Homer's contemporary might say:

'My *world* is great because it is so small.'

It is only when the prophetic eye of Columbus has measured the entire orb that he is qualified to announce to King Ferdinand and whomsoever it may concern, that the earth, of which we made such vast account, is but 'a very little thing.' And as steam and electricity encompass it more and more with their space-annihilating agencies, we of the present day seem to feel it dwarf and dwindle beneath our feet. It were well if we corrected certain other impressions in conformity with this result. From the illusions incident to his false point of view, the Greek might well over-rate the importance of his narrow stage of being in its relations with the whole and with the future, and fail to recognize in Hades the invisible, the deep significance of Hades the infinite and eternal. Our more advanced post of observation, commanding wider views in every direction, should enable us to readjust the balance, and to remove the centre of interest far beyond the orbit of a world which seems to shrink as we explore, and vanish even while we look upon it. To catch the parallax of our true position in the universe; practically to learn the subordination

of the visible and transitory to the invisible and eternal — this were, perhaps, the highest lesson and result of that progress, on account of which, for so many other reasons, we are accustomed to congratulate and exalt ourselves.

In the mean time, and limiting our views entirely to the present, there seems room to question whether the result has been altogether so favorable as we might at first imagine. Looking mainly to progress and advance, we have naturally acquired the solicitude and impatience incident to a state of expectation. We slight the present in an eager anticipation of the future, and lose the sense of actual convenience in the feverish struggle not so much to maintain as to augment it. We put our happiness in abeyance, and, with a magnificent estate in possession, live on the alms of a dazzling but tantalizing reversion. The first ages, it would seem, were too much occupied with to-day to be over-anxious about to-morrow. They had not yet organized the toilsome march of improvement, but bivouacked, as it were, upon a newly-discovered coast, from which the hot sun of experience had not drunk up all the mists that gave illusion and magnitude to surrounding objects. Like blind Orion, they turned their faces toward the morning, little dreaming of that star of empire which has held its course so steadfastly toward the west. They looked for wisdom, and beauty, and science, to Egypt and Syria, where Hercules had already planted the Hesperian pillars between which the human race was to defile in its long and wearisome pursuit of riches and power.

THINK AND WORK.

Thy onward path, O Man!

Winds not through pleasant valleys, by cool streams,
Nor by the shores that southern breezes fan,
Nor through a land of dreams:

But up steep mountain-sides,

And over rocks, and brakes, and fields of snow,
And burning deserts, and bright, faithless tides,
With hidden bones below.

Straight as the faithful steel

Points where the pole-star shineth o'er one spot,
Tread onward toward the light, through woe or weal:
The path-way turneth not.

Let thought be in thine eye,

And from thy brow the dew of labor start;
And let the love of what is pure and high
Be strong within thy heart.

So shall the rugged way

Be pleasant, and a grassy path become;
And, brightening onward with each well-spent day,
Reach to a quiet home.

A M O R N I N G M E M O R Y .

BY MARY GRAVERANT.

I.

THERE are memories of thee, dearest,
When the tuneful breath of morn
Stirs the flowers that cluster nearest,
Lifts the tassels of the corn:
Then the olden spell returneth
On the magic of that tone;
Then my heart within me burneth,
And I find myself alone.

II.

'Mid the summer-flowers, dearest,
Thou art with me all the day;
Still thy foot-step's traces linger
By the fountain's silvery play;
Still I weave the early roses
In a garland for thy brow;
Then my heart within me burneth —
But it beateth lonely now.

III.

Sweeter than the summer, dearest,
Than the song of fount or birds,
Was the echo of thy laughter,
Was the music of thy words.
In the pleasant autumn-weather
Waved the blossom, sung the bee,
But thy step upon the heather
Was the sweetest sound to me.

IV.

O beautiful! O dearest!
I loved thee, and I prayed
For the lightening of thy burdens
And the lifting of thy shade.
Now thou whisperest in answer:
'Here no sorrow can molest;
Here the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'

V.

O beautiful! O dearest!
Still I think of thee, and pray
That for me the dawn may brighten,
And the shadows flee away.
If in winds, and flowers, and summer,
Thou art present to my heart,
Give me still the greater blessing
To behold thee as thou art!

MEN. MANNERS, AND MOUNTAINS.

BY ROBERT M. RICHARDSON.

THE CONCERT-ROOM.

Now *laissez aller*, grim, graceful, courteous, and atrocious readers; we are on the threshold of a grand ball—one of the old kind, that flourished ere the “age of chivalry” was past, and the “glory of Europe” gone; a *specimen-ball*, where you will find a *belle assemblée* of knights, nobles, damas, and demireps. The *Almanach de Gotha* will, I promise, herein be illustrated as richly as was the *Almanach des Gourmands* at our recent dinner.

It is high Carnival throughout the KURSALL. At ten, the ball is to open. From eight to ten the influx is incessant, and every saloon except the ball-room is thrown open to the ‘crush.’ During an hour the company will promenade for the purposes of recreating themselves and criticising others. The *tables de jeu*, as you perceive, are in full operation. Roulette is whirling in its eddy-fying career, while *Napoleons* meet a Waterloo in every turn of Fortune’s wheel.

Sunday here is sacred to Euterpe. The pantomime of sound is universal; never are bassoons more eloquent, nor violins and voices less self-contained, than on that day of unrest. The music is never finer, the tables are never piled so high; the mirrors never reflect fair faces in more profusion; and the *Salle des Fleurs* is Fairy-land. But on Thursday night Lady Terpsichore too steps in, and feet establish an harmonious relation with ears and eyes; and now, if ever, you will see BADEN-BADEN in all its glory. Even now, while the music soars and pours above us, sweet, passive reader, I will once more play cicerone to your unwilling soul.

I am about to present you to some highly-respectable company. Art and nature both have, to your new friends, been far kinder than Dame Fortune. They are the Zingarellas of refined life—the female Cagliostro of modern Europe. From various parts—from gay Vienna, from graceful Tuscany, but chiefly from Imperial Paris—they assemble. The fairest of all *industriels* are they to this industrial Fair of Fortune. ‘The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them.’

Since the days when the Pythian and Nemean Games gathered together the grace and glory of Greece, history has sought in vain for such conventions until Baden arose. Little did the proud Roman dream that the land of his bold invasion, the home of the savage Dacian, would one day erect a parterre of pleasure before whose airy elegance even his own grand Coliseum was destined to appear like a vulgar pretension. Yet such a parterre is this. By the vision of St. Anthony, ’tis a distracting sight! What is wanting, to complete a world’s convention? Here are *games*, of lucre and of love. Family reunions are here appointed as upon the Grecian ground. It is the rendezvous of delegates.

Matches are made; *relations intimes* are cultivated. The Cræsus comes to appeal to his fortune; the penniless, to appeal to his craft. Hearts are joined, and sometimes hands. The musical delights of Vienna, the costly luxury of the smoke-domed city of the Thames, the mercurial gallantry of Paris, the picturesque pleasures of the Bosphorus' Queen, the soft, artistic ease of the Italian cities — all these elements, combined with a dash of pastoral rose-water, meet to compose the charm of BADEN. And in this most aristocratic of countries, motley is the common wear; for in no other part of the world does society flourish on such a rank shrub level. Here they are, at it again; barons, barbers, actors, artistes, ambassadors, mountebanks, counts, conjurers, dancing-men, princes, poodles, pet-monkeys, prelates, pedlars — *la lie* and *l'élite* of creation, drawn together in a heterogeneous vortex.

But *place aux dames*. Our regards, at present, are for the harem-scaren, rankless ranks. The Cyprian phalanx advances.

VANITY-FAIR

In that phalanx there are superior spirits. First and foremost comes the invincible LIONNE. She is a faultless monster, making the meat she feeds upon; and that meat is — fools. Her pretensions are her all. She would be Queen-Bee in that bright hive of animation, and have the drones do reverence. Her qualifications for the eminence to which she aspires are usually beauty, brains, and an overpowering mien, which bears down opposition. Her heart is ever set upon appropriating the LIONNE's share of attention, admiration, and spoils; she desires that her attachments should prove rather extensive than strong. Greedy of money and power, because of their joint result, the policy of Machiavel, administered by Metternich, was full as scrupulous as her small scale tactics, as she brings her masked battery to bear against the hearts of the heroic; and from a combination of charms and attributes such as hers, failure can rarely ensue. Her temperament is, as might be supposed, elephantine. 'Marble to receive, and wax to retain,' the organ of love is but faintly developed in her cranium. Love-suits she tries on and off like gloves; but as to receiving a shaft from Cupid, it is a catastrophe too dreadful to be wantonly encountered. To judge of the passion from its effects upon her suitors, she is undoubtedly right: a flirtation with her is as ruinous as an embrace from the statue of Phalaris.

BADEN is no place for old maids or cold maids. Here comes a pantomimic piece of perfection — a gentle creature whose face is the very vignette of the Kursall — the first and prettiest that greets you. 'Pert without fire, without experience safe' — looking askance at every body, she is intent on no one except her own dipping, cringing, curtsying, self-loving self.

'I know a maiden fair to see;
Take care!
She is fooling thee.'

For, with all these 'outward and visible signs of an inward spiritual grace,' she is endowed with a Gaul's sagacity in mundane things. She captures a dupe: then hers the pageantry, his the contingent supply.

'Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, their infinite variety.'

Is Cœlebs melancholy or romantic, as men are apt to grow, from too long vegetation on the barren heath of bachelorhood? Then behold this *petite chatte* who strolls *à pas tardifs et lents* along the river's edge, looking for all the world like a pensive soul who, weeping, seeks her mate. The 'Lost Pleiad' hung not more aloof than she, as she moves embalmed in primal freshness and seeming modesty, as in guimpure; breathing 'all Hackman's sorrows and all Werter's woes,' and ever and anon elevating her large imploring eyes from beneath lashes that sweep her cheeks like dark foliage over water; eyes suffused with the vaporous splendor of a sea-sunset.

My dear Cœlebs, don't you think that a little farther acquaintance would make her a new Héloïse, and you the happiest of men? She is the most treacherous of them all. As an Eolian harp exhales the summer-wind, so breathes she song and sentiment; and as mermaids are destructive to the peace of mariners, even so are singing-women the Circes of travellers.

The lacerated heart of Mlle. CYNTHIE CERUSE—the feelings not to be described by inanimate words—the affection never to deviate, never to die away; the compunction and anguish, the utter *lambkin-ness of soul*, which she declares are the most unreal and transitory sentiments that ever made man play the moon-calf—or the devil. Hers is a hyacinth heart, which seldom puts forth perceptibly until the height of the season; nor lasts longer than during the protracted space of two weeks' inflammatory weather. One faint exhalation, and it again crisps in its corsets.

Or is Cœlebs fond of fun? Then let him boldly plunge amid the swarm of fire-flies, stingless and unstung—if he can. Let him select this gay cherub with the golden, glancing eyes, and a soul like a musical-box that is always wound up. How plump and pleasant! How full of skylark and scandal! How gently wayward and excruciatingly volatile! And yet she is only one of a hundred who can sparkle and crackle, and lighten and brighten, like herself, provided it be at another's expense. Are you a favorer of the chrysalis style? *Le voici!* a brow that, in its flitting mutability of expression, can change in a moment from noon to night. Ditto her disposition. She had a nice little heart of her own *once*; but by dint of constant piecing and dividing, it is now reduced to a sad bit of mosaic. It is difficult to say which is the greater pity; that a *mere creature* should wear so seraphic a guise, or that one so unquestionably an angel in aspect should ever prove an insect.

But another flower of French fragility appears. She unites a beautiful bloom to her languid air; a very 'love in idleness' would be her floral name. Cœlebs and Benedict are both taken with those lustrous eyes. Is it not astonishing how well a Frenchwoman can juggle with her eyes? Compare these two sets of brilliants. ZULIE has orbs that witch and watch like stars, 't is true; but they would not be so dangerous if in the custody of another. It is her unrivalled management that makes them so eminently effective; as a fencing-foil may, wielded by an expert hand, outvie the prodigies of a Toledo blade.

But LEONIE's unmuffled eyes are fire-arms, which would be perilous in *any one's* custody. It is but necessary to take aim, and away they flash, and blaze, and burn. Their *balls* shoot to the heart.

Here are artistes from the Opera Comique and the Vaudeville, some sailing under their proper colors, others acting a part, even upon this stage. Little JOLYOT plays *la fausse noble*, to the vast edification of green-horn crowds; and, at first sight, all seem disposed to accord her the title of MARQUISE DE FOLLEVILLE, in whose dignity she instates herself. But softly! the lion's skin is not so cunningly worn but that you may detect the tip of the betraying ear. In all her courtly apparel there is a *je ne sais quoi* of affectation and indelicacy that reveals the *fillette*. Note, and you will discover that her assumption of rank is as inappropriate as were the robes of dignity on Portia and Nerissa.

The frequency and intimacy of relationship at Baden is inexplicable. All these light ladies, in their migratory flight hither, are accompanied; like storks, by their parents or *chaperons*. The number of accommodating *mammas*, who exert no shadow of control over their precious charges — of *oncles postiches* — of taciturn aunts and attentive cousins — of erotic brothers, in whom no ray of family resemblance can be traced — exceeds all computation. But

‘Vive l’amour, vive la compagnie!’

says the song: *appearances* must be preserved at any cost.

It is not for me to advise Cœlebs. I have merely designated some objects not noted in the Guide-Books. Cœlebs must take care of himself. *Life* has been compared to a troubled sea; it is not here that the calm occurs. Man has, at best, but the alternatives of immersion into the MAELSTROM of MATRIMONY, with its distracting cares; or of consignment into the BOSPHORUS OF BACHELORS — the portion of the *sacked*. Cœlebs has his choice. Let him either take his irretrievable plunge, in conjunction with the nymph who has bewitched him; else make his sullen quietus in gurgling solitude.

O PARIS! PARIS! PLEASURE-GIRDLED CITY OF THE SEINE!
Ophir of delights! The Wonderful! the Only One! How widely hast thou spread the inevitable bright snares by which our souls are trapped! Earth and ocean thou hast colonized with thy missions of merriment; wherever thy spirit has gone forth, thou hast made martyrs to the cause of BAGATELLE!

So then, wide-eyed reader, have you caught a glimpse into the MYSTERIES? More than this it is not permitted to reveal. You have seen fair frailty ‘sleeking her soft-alluring locks’ as you approach; you have seen the struggle who shall be Sirius of the summer; you have seen the ambrosial cash ‘used and abused, but never refused;’ you have seen some people united without union; you have seen others united virtually but not virtuously; you have seen people who are afflicted with more head-aches than heart-aches; you have seen that erratic angels, like comets, have queer customs. Love in a cottage is, to their more euphonious taste, love in lodgings. Their fate is in their own temper; they are irresponsible, and all-responsive. Their roseate aspect is rarely dashed with blue. The prosopopeia of pristine purity is hardly enshrined in the mercurial play of their fair features; still, says their apologist, they appear so unconscious of derelictions, as to be readily forgiven. But they have received their stamp in the Gilded, not the Golden, Age.

'Observe your lover when he leaves your arms,' says Rousseau; and the advice is highly to be approved of here. The fact is, fair lady, if your knight cannot immarble his emotions, don't trust him in this land before the waters of matrimony have rolled over him with their petrifying flow.

And now, peruser of this satin sketch, I leave you, like a good Samaritan saint as you are, to your painful ruminations upon the lax morality of society.

DEAL GENTLY WITH MY MOTHER, WORLD.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

I.

Deal gently with my MOTHER, World!
 Her days are in the yellow leaf,
 And time with her is growing brief;
 She is not now what she hath been:
 Her eye hath lost its glowing sheen;
 The rose is faded from her cheek,
 And life's dark stream grows faint and weak:
 The forms which walked with her of yore
 Come back again, oh, nevermore!
 Deal gently with my MOTHER, World!

II.

I was not favored by thee, World!
 Oh, life was dark, e'en from my birth,
 And I have tired long of earth;
 But now I know mine hour is come,
 And I shall soon be going home:
 I feel the death-damps on my brow,
 But, WORLD, I do not blame thee now!
 Though thou hast been unkind to me,
 I cast no harsh reproach on thee:
 My boyish dreams have passed away,
 But with my dying-breath I pray,
 Deal gently with my MOTHER, World!

III.

Spare her in your sorrows, World!
 I was her favorite, darling boy,
 Her earthly hope, her spirit's joy.
 God only knows I loved her well —
 How much, no language now can tell.
 But I am fallen in my prime,
 As leaves in early summer-time,
 And when my soul shall leave its clay,
 Her last fond hope will pass away:
 Then, in my deep despondency,
 This dying boon I crave of thee:
 Deal gently with my MOTHER, World!

Washington, (D. C.)

A L V I L A ' S G A T H E R I N G .

A TROOP is coming down the hill, a troop from down the vale:
To see those bannered hosts had turned an arméd foeman pale;
Alvila's streets are thronged with men of bold and haughty mien:
A sight like this, I wot full well, 't is long since she has seen.

The scaffolding last night was raised; to-day the throne of state
Is planted high above our heads — say, whom does it await?
Our feeble king is far away, within his palace-hall,
Trembling with every passing breeze, and every light foot-fall.

They come, they come! from out the gate, a thronging multitude;
Gentle and simple crowd along, the courteous and the rude:
The peasant leaves his vineyard-side, his good knife in his hand,
The noble spurs his charger on, and grasps his shining brand.

Aha! there 's treason here to-day: VILLANA heads the throng;
Toledo's bishop rides amain, the arméd band among:
There's dark revenge in both their hearts; bold words they seem to say;
Oh, dearly our Castile shall rue the gathering of to-day!

See, see above! the throne is filled — a moveless figure there;
But HENRY's sword and HENRY's crown the statue seems to wear:
A sceptre fills the stony hands, as palsied as his own
Who rules above our own Castile, a cumberer of the throne!

The crowd was all around the plain: they throng the centre now,
And hushed is every rabble shout, and every whisper low,
While one reads out, with bitter tone, the doings of the day,
The tyranny and lawlessness of HENRY's hated sway.

And as they tremble on the ear, rings out their shout again:
'Castile and our ALPHONSO! and success unto his reign!'
Toledo's bishop fiercely springs up to the statue's side:
(Ah! thought he not of other days, when HENRY fed his pride?)

He tore the crown from off the brow; PLACENCIA grasped the sword;
VILLANA flung the sceptre down, with many a bitter word:
PAREDES and his brother-counts tore off the robe of pride,
While ALACANTRA's master joined his monarch to deride.

And then the young ALPHONSO is borne upon the plain;
The gallant boy is guarded by a gay and lordly train:
They lift him to the vacant throne, before him low they bow:
'ALPHONSO and Castile!' rings out the shout from high and low.

Oh, woe is me, disloyal knights! and woe is me, Castile!
A brother's blood shall bleed for this, beneath a brother's steel,
And days of storm shall cloud our sky, and dim its sunny ray:
Long shall Castile's broad borders rue the gathering of to-day!

A. R.

TRIP UP THE COLUMBIA IN 1850.

ONE evening, while sitting in my room before a pleasant fire, enjoying myself smoking a fine 'regalia,' and listening to my room-mates, C—— and L——, playing the good old song of 'Home, sweet home' on their flutes, I was suddenly awakened from the deep reverie into which I had been thrown, by C—— stopping short at 'Home, sweet——,' and exclaiming:

'Harry, let us go up to Portland in our boat; it will be a fine trip, and it will give L—— an opportunity of seeing the scenery of the 'Columbia.'

'And will also give you *an opportunity of seeing* a certain young lady with pretty black eyes, that you fell in love with last winter, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather,' I exclaimed.

'What!' drawled out L——, 'you don't mean to say that C—— is in love? Take my advice, C——, and wait until you go back to the eastern states; there are no girls on this side of the continent worth having. If I ever get back to my comfortable home in the east, you will never catch me coming out here again.'

'Your 'comfortable home!' eh?' I cried. 'Why, you would complain of being uncomfortable were you surrounded by all the luxuries of this life. I'll set all the girls in the Territory against you, if you utter another such libel against them as you have just spoken!'

'Well,' said L——, 'I will not argue with you about it, for it would be a waste of time to try and convince a man that is in love that his girl is homely; but for the sake of pleasing you I will assist in pulling the boat up the river.'

'Thank you, L——; I'll drink your health in a brimming glass of champagne, when we arrive at Portland, and wish that you may be comfortable some of these days,' said C——.

'Well, if you get four men to pull our boat up, you may count on your friend Harry as a cabin-passenger, for I vow I'll not pull a hundred and fifty miles to see any girl, be she the 'fairest of the fair.'

'I've got all that arranged,' said C——. 'There are three men in the village who wish to go up, and will willingly work their passage; L—— will make the fourth, so we will just have enough to make it pleasant.'

'I am one of you, then: any thing for a change of scene. Now that all is arranged, let us go to bed. In the morning we will get the boat fixed, and the provisions put up for the cruise, and then adieu to this gloomy place for a time.'

As soon as old Sol burst his way through the thick clouds that lined the morning horizon, we arose, and after eating our breakfast, proceeded down to the boat, and commenced overhauling her, preparatory to our cruise. Sails were repaired, seams caulked, and a coat of paint was put on her, to make her look worthy of the girl in honor of whom she was named. While the paint was drying, we collected our guns, ammunition, and other baggage, and saw that every thing was in order for any emergency that might occur.

L —, in the mean time, had been appointed a committee of one to prepare the provision; and he was now filling the lockers of the boat with 'provant' enough for a six months' voyage. After two days had elapsed, every thing being in readiness, we launched our little craft, and started on our way.

It was a beautiful morning when we started. The sun had just appeared above the tops of the surrounding hills, and scarce a breath of air disturbed the glassy surface of the bay.

Scarce an hour had elapsed, however, before a long and heavy swell began to set in from the ocean, breaking on the shores of the bay with a dismal sound that foreboded a coming storm.

'Harry,' said C —, 'we are going to have a heavy blow. I never heard the rollers sound in that way before, but that we were sure to have a gale afterward; and look, how the swell is increasing! We must get out of this place, or it will be dangerous in this small boat, with these men that never before pulled in rough water.'

'Give way, boys!' I said, 'and let us get out of the rough waters of the bay before the storm comes on. If we can get into the river, the wind will be fair, and we will soon reach Astoria; but if it should catch us in the bay, we will have a hard pull to get out of it before night.'

The breeze, in the meantime, had increased, and a tremendous roller was breaking on the sand-banks in the bay and along the shores; and to make it worse, a heavy fog set in, and shut out the land from our view. We however made good progress, the tide being in our favor. Our little boat was jumping about like a duck, now far down between two huge rollers, now on the top, amid the froth and spray, and then down again; and so we kept going for an hour or more.

The roar of the breakers had increased to such an extent that we could scarcely hear one another speak, and I began to fear we were getting too near the spit of sand that makes out from Chinook Point, and was turning the bow of the boat more seaward, when L — cried out for me to look behind. I turned around, and there, rolling along, and threatening to engulf all before it, came a huge white-capped roller, foaming, and hissing, and presenting a perfect wall of waters, ten or twelve feet high. I had hardly time to cry out for the carsmen to give way for their lives, and turn the boat so that it would strike her fair on the stern and give her a chance to rise with it, when it reached us, and taking us up on the top of it like an egg-shell, it dashed us along with the speed of an arrow for a hundred yards, and then swept away to leeward, leaving us in a perfect caldron of foam.

Every one drew a long breath, and looked at one another in astonishment at our escape. The rowers again bent to their oars, and in a few moments we found ourselves in comparatively smooth water — the roller having carried us over the Chinook spit into the smooth water between it and the shore.

The fog now lifted a little, and we were enabled to see where we were, for the first time since the gale had commenced. We found that we had just made ten miles' progress since we left, having reached Chinook Point; and that Astoria was but five or six miles off. We had, however, passed the most dangerous part of our journey, and were now in the

river, with a fair wind ; so, setting our sail, we dashed the waters aside from the bows of our little boat, and sped on our way at the rate of six miles an hour.

In an hour's time we reached Fort George, or Astoria, as it is called more recently ; and after hauling our boat up on the beach, we proceeded up to the hotel, where we found ' the host,' a jolly-looking Mynheer, waiting to receive us ; and giving each of us a hearty shake of the hand, he led us into the house, where a large and cheerful fire and a hearty supper awaited us.

Our long fast had sharpened our appetites ; and for a few moments we dealt vengeance on the contents of the dishes, and said nothing. After supper, we retired to our beds, thoroughly fatigued with our first day's labor.

We arose early the next morning, completely refreshed, and eager for our journey, but were somewhat disappointed, on going out of the hotel, to find that the heavy fog of the preceding day had become still more dense, rendering it almost impossible for us to proceed until the day grew older, and the fog cleared up a little.

While waiting for the fog to clear up, we took a stroll around the little village, but as there was nothing to see, we soon got tired, and returned to the hotel.

Astoria is the most miserable place in Oregon Territory. There are about twenty houses, and not more than one hundred inhabitants, about one half of whom are always drunk. There are two or three stores, principally supported by the farmers on Clatsop Plain. The largest is kept by Mr. Hensley, and seems to be doing a pretty good business.

A detachment of United States troops, under the command of Major Hathaway, are stationed here. Their duties are not very arduous.

About one mile farther up the river, the little village of Upper Astoria, or Adairsville, is located. It presents a much neater appearance than the lower town. It was located in the fall of 1849, by Gen. Adair, the Collector of Customs for Oregon. He has established the Custom-House and Post-Office here, thus bringing the principal business to his town, to the great chagrin of the lower townsmen. His family are with him, and he is determined to make Oregon his future home.

After waiting an hour or so for the fog to clear up, and seeing that it was not likely to do so, we determined to proceed on our way, and trust to chance ; so, giving our host a hearty shake of the hand, we jumped into our boat and started.

The fog being so dense, we were obliged to follow the shore, for fear of losing our way ; thereby causing us to go a great many miles farther than we should have gone, without making much on our way ; for, at night, on pulling over to the north side of the river, we were surprised to find we were not more than ten or eleven miles from Astoria, having followed round the shores of a large bay shaped like a crescent, and nearly twenty miles round.

As we pulled along the shore, we descried an old deserted Indian house, and as twilight was coming on, we determined to land and stop for the night. So, shoving our boat on shore, we jumped out, and after

hauling her up on the beach and securing her, we took our provisions, blankets, and guns, and made for the house.

In a few moments, a large fire was blazing, and we commenced cooking our suppers and drying our clothes, which had become completely saturated by the fog.

After eating our frugal meal, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and laid down alongside of the fire and were soon in a sound sleep; from which we were aroused about mid-night by a terrific scream from L —, and the cry of 'A panther! a panther!' Every one was on his feet in an instant, with his rifle or pistol in hand, crying, 'Where? where?' in a terrified voice. L —, in the meantime, was sitting on the ground, holding on to his blanket with the grasp of a vice, as if he was trying to crush something to atoms. He was a perfect picture of fright; his face covered with blood, his eyes almost out of his head, his dishevelled hair, and, in fact, his whole appearance presented a picture that a painter might have made his fortune from.

'Won't some of you help me to kill it?' he asked, in a terrified voice, as the animal under his blanket began to move, notwithstanding the tightness of his grasp.

In a moment, our pistols were cocked, and we commenced turning down the blanket very cautiously, so that it should not escape, and that we might catch it alive, if possible. In a few moments the animal was visible; and with one accord we sent up a shout of laughter, louder than was ever heard in that place before.

A poor cat left by the Indians had returned from the woods, and not seeing us, (our fire having grown dim,) had jumped from the roof of the house down in L —'s face, and he, awakening with a start, had caught her in his blanket before she could make her escape. His fears had magnified her into a panther, and were the cause of all the disturbance.

After laughing at him for being frightened by a cat, we again composed ourselves to sleep, and slept soundly until late the next morning.

When we awoke, the sun was shining brightly. The fog of the preceding day, that had covered the landscape like the curtain of a panorama, was now lifted up, and the beauties of the scenery were disclosed in a most charming manner. After eating our breakfast, we replaced our traps in the boat, and shoved her into the water; and in a few moments the lusty strokes of our oarsmen were propelling our little boat along at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

On looking around us to see our exact whereabouts, we found that we had encamped near Pillar Rock, (a singular rock, that rises like a column from the mid-channel of the Columbia,) just twelve miles from Astoria.

The scenery on the north side of the river, as far as the eye can reach, is high and rugged. A succession of high hills, covered with immense forests of spruce and hemlock, with here and there an oak and cedar patch, extend along the north shore, and add an air of grandeur to the scenery around. In the middle of the river are a number of small, marshy islands, covered with flocks of wild-fowl, which, as we darted round the points of the islands, would rise from their feeding-grounds in countless numbers, and completely deafen us with their quacking and screaming. The river is between ten and twelve miles wide along here,

and for miles and miles it was covered with wild-fowl of almost every variety. The beautiful and graceful swan, the wild-geese, the brant, ducks of every kind, and other wild-fowl, too numerous to mention, are here. It is a perfect elysium for sportsmen.

In a few hours we arrived at Mr. Burney's landing, and making our boat fast to the shore, we commenced climbing up to his house, which is situated on a piece of table-land, about two hundred feet above the river. In a little time, we reached the top; and after giving orders for our dinner, we amused ourselves by rambling over his farm, and in admiring the scenery of the river as seen from this elevation.

While we were here, the little steamer *Columbia* passed, on her way up the river to Portland. She is the first steam-boat that has ever made regular trips up and down the *Columbia* river. She is but little better than the first steamer that broke the waters of the *Hudson*; and is, as she was, the fore-runner of a large steam-navigation. We were soon called to the house, where a smoking dinner of salmon and potatoes awaited us, and in a few moments we were hard at it, every one knowing that the less said, on such an occasion, the better. After eating our dinner, we paid our bill and descended to the boat, and were soon on our way; having determined to stop that night at a saw-mill about fifteen miles farther up.

As the sun began to sink toward the west, a heavy fog came over the river and soon wet us to the skin; but we still kept on our way, no wise daunted; and after two hours' hard pulling, one of the men cried out that he heard the sound of saws at the mill, and away we went toward the place from which the sound proceeded. As we neared the place, we found we were mistaken, and that the sound came from an Indian lodge; though what they were making such a noise about, none of us could tell. We however determined to land, and see if we could find out from them where we were, as it had grown so dark that it was impossible for us to see the land one hundred yards away from the boat.

As soon as the boat touched the shore, I jumped out, and groped my way through the bushes toward the house; where, on arriving, I was saluted by twenty or thirty curs rushing out and barking at me in a furious manner, causing C—— and one or two men to rush up from the boat to rescue me, as they supposed from the noise made that they were eating me.

After driving the dogs away, we searched for the door, and after a great deal of trouble, succeeded in finding it and effecting an entrance. Here the scene beggared description. Seated round the room in the form of a circle, were thirty of the most horribly ugly Indians I ever beheld in Oregon. A log was placed before each one of them, on which they beat an accompaniment to a song that an old hag was singing, as she danced round the fire in the centre of the circle. Two or three men were on the outside of the circle, poking furiously against the roof with long poles, and joining in the chorus of the song, which was something like this: 'To lada a-tora, to lada a-tora, to lada a-tora — ough!' Every now and then, a woman would rise and give a yell that would have frightened a timid man to death, if he had not seen whence it came. The dogs would bark and yell simultaneously with the Indians; and altogether, it

beat any thing I had ever read of. The witch-scene that Tam O'Shanter saw was nothing to it.

After waiting a few moments to see if they would not stop, and finding that they had no such intentions, I made my way toward an old Indian who was contemplating the scene from his bunk with evident satisfaction, and asked him what was the meaning of the singing and acting. He looked very seriously at me, and replied that they were '*mommuking medicine*,' or, rendered in English, they were invoking the DEITY to cure some of their sick by expelling the Devil from them.

The Indians of Oregon believe that when they are sick, a little devil about as large as their thumb has entered in them, and is in the part affected; and the only remedies they apply are prayers and songs to the GOOD DEITY.

Having found out from him that the saw-mills were but two miles farther up the river, we returned to our boat, and left them in disgust. In a little time we arrived at the saw-mills, where we remained until morning.

Early the next morning we jumped in our boat, and, assisted by a fair wind, speedily made our way up the river. The view of the land on either side of us was marred by a dense fog, accompanied by a drizzling rain, making it very uncomfortable for us.

This day we reached about thirty miles farther up, and not being able to find a house where we could rest and get shelter for the night, we landed, and built a tent with our boat-sails and some blankets, which sheltered us somewhat from the driving rain; we however kept ourselves warm by the large fire that we kept burning all night. As one side of our bodies would get wet, we would turn over and expose the dry side to the weather while the other was warming; thus passing the night between fire and water. As the morning approached, the rains ceased; and, as the sun rose above the hills, the fog rose from the river and gradually ascended toward the clouds, disclosing the scenery of the river for a long distance up and down.

The scenery of the Columbia is much alike, though not enough so to make it appear monotonous. High hills, covered with dense forests, rise gradually from the river to the height of two and three hundred feet, and in some places as high again. In a few places along the river, high basaltic rocks rise boldly out of the water to the height of two hundred feet, and reminded me of the Palisades on the Hudson river.

Pieces of prairie and marsh-land are scattered about between the hills, and are almost all occupied by the settlers, who are fast locating themselves on every available piece of ground near the river. The sound of the 'wood-chopper's axe' is heard on every hand, and, in a few years, places that are now the hiding-haunts of wild animals will be under cultivation, and will be classed among the most delightful places on this 'Pacific slope.'

On jumping into our boat and pulling up the river a short distance, we were surprised and chagrined to find we had passed the night within a few hundred yards of a fine, comfortable-looking farm-house; the fog of the preceding evening having hid it from our view.

The brightness of the day, and the prospect of getting within a few miles of Portland by night, however, cheered us, and the men gave way

with a will; and about noon we arrived at 'St. Helen's,' an embryo city, laid off on the south bank of the Columbia, where the lower mouth of the 'Willamette' river empties into it.

The situation is excellent for a large city, and the proprietors are sanguine in regard to its future greatness. We landed here and ate our dinner, after which we proceeded on our way until night, when we arrived within a few miles of the main entrance to the 'Willamette,' where, espying the farm-house of an old friend, we shoved our boat on shore, and walked up to his house.

He was astonished and delighted to see us, and after shaking hands with all the family, (some thirteen in number,) we sat down and rested ourselves while the old lady and her daughters were preparing supper.

They seemed to be adepts in the culinary department, for in a very few moments we were invited to take our seats at the table.

We needed no pressing to do this, the steam arising from the savory viands having whetted our appetites to the extremest point; and we were soon at work with a will that none but a hungry man knows any thing about.

I do not think I ever enjoyed a meal before as I did this. The most of us had eaten nothing but salmon and potatoes for a week past, and the spare-ribs, cabbages, and other dishes that constituted our supper, were appreciated, perhaps, better than they would have been at any other time, or under different circumstances. After eating our supper, the old lady cleared off the table and set it in the corner. C—— and L—— then produced their flutes and played, while the rest of us joined in a dance.

At a late hour, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and were soon asleep; from which we did not awake until the sun was high on his morning course. We then bade our friends good-bye, and started for Portland; where we arrived in a few hours, and found numerous friends waiting to receive us, having learned from the captain of the steamer that we were on the way up.

Our boat-men here left us, and we concluded to remain two or three days, and then visit Fort Vancouver on our way down. Within one year's time, Portland had increased three-fold in size and population. The axe had been busy in the woods, and where the forest stood one year before, a number of fine dwelling-houses and stores were erected, and a number of others were in process of erection, giving the town a very flourishing aspect. It bids fair to be the metropolis of Oregon.

On the morning of the third day after our arrival, we bade our friends good-bye, and pulled down the river on our way to Vancouver. We reached there about two o'clock P. M., and after securing our boat to the beach, proceeded to the house of Captain I——, of the army, whose acquaintance we had formed the year before. After exchanging our travelling garments for others of finer material and appearance, we entered the drawing-room among the ladies. There every thing put me in mind of home. His daughter Kate, the belle of Oregon, at my request took up her guitar, and played and sang some songs. I thought, as she sat on the low stool, with her guitar in her lap, and a strain of melody pouring from her lips, that I had never seen such a

lovely being. For four years I had been absent from my home, and the only vocal music that I had heard was the hoarse voices of sailors, singing on board of my vessel. The music that I now listened to, sweet at any time, was rendered trebly so by the recollections it stirred up within me. It was late that night ere I could get to sleep, and angels visited me in my dreams, and sung pæans to lull my slumbers.

The next morning, we strolled around among the buildings of the Hudson Bay Company, and visited the Governor, and others connected with the Company.

Early the next morning, we started for home, where we arrived in three days, well pleased with our trip up the Columbia.

MONTAGUE.

I N M E M O R I A M .

BY J. A. COWLES.

She faded early, when her years were few,
Like a pale planet from the morning-sky,
Veiling her angel-beauty from our view,
By the bright dawning of the life on high.

The earth was decked in robes of beauteous green,
And woods were vocal with the songs of birds,
When that frail one no more with us was seen,
Nor heard replying to our frequent words.

We miss her music when the morning calls,
As something wanted to complete the day;
We miss her presence when the evening falls,
For then we feel the most that she's away.

And yet how meet it was for her to go,
Before the autumn-leaves grew sere again,
To these fair fields which we may hope to know,
Where clouds rise not, and summers never wane!

She died in softness like the wind-harp's tone,
Or far-off music on the evening-streams;
Passing without a struggle or a groan
To the calm rapture of eternal dreams.

She died in triumph; as the day went down,
Her pure soul crossed unto the other shore,
Changing its mortal beauty for a crown,
Fadeless and beautiful for evermore.

Syracuse, (N. Y.,) 1853.

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T H E F I R S T M U R D E R E R .

BY J. H. A. BOON.

I.

SILENT and still the bleeding body lay,
 The earliest victim to Death's fatal shaft;
 Earth from its contact fain would shrink away,
 And shuddered as it drank the gory draught.

II.

And one stood by the corse, as in a dream,
 A hideous dream, foreshadowing years of woe;
 His'wilder'd stare lit with a frantic gleam,
 As on the lifeless form it seemed to grow.

III.

The jagged staff clutched with convulsive grasp,
 His sinewy limbs defiled with drops of blood,
 Thick-breathing, like a man at dying gasp,
 With horror numbed, the PRIMAL MURDERER stood!

IV.

Silence was on the earth and in the air;
 The breathing world in terror held its breath;
 Life trembled the unnatural blow to hear,
 And cowered at the sudden reign of Death.

V.

An awful silence reigned; but demon cries,
 Unheard by mortal ears, were ringing out,
 And ghastly forms, unseen by mortal eyes,
 In gladness danced the blood-stained earth about:

VI.

For Crime led on Remorse and fierce Despair,
 And Murder stalked around with blood-stained face,
 While black-ribbed Death sat in his ghostly chair,
 And seized the first-fruits of the human race.

VII.

The weapon dropped from his fear-palsied hand;
 His ears were tingling with a voice of dread,
 Proclaiming him a wanderer through the land —
 An outcast, with no place to lay his head.

VIII.

The seathing fingers of undying Crime
 Traced an enduring mark upon his brow,
 And forth he went, a wanderer, till Time
 Should bid his head upon the green-sward bow.

Cleveland, (Ohio,) June, 1853.

THE STORY OF THE PEACH.

As I was on my way home to-night, I was tempted by the sweet looks of the fruit, and purchased a peach. A noble specimen it was, too; red, ripe, and rosy, it projected its round and inviting sides as if desiring nothing so much as to be eaten.

I took it to my room, and, placing it on my desk before me, I contemplated it with much satisfaction. At last, in my pleasure I apostrophized it thus:

‘O thou most beautiful fruit, my heart yearns toward thee. I worship thy sweetness, I adore thy loveliness. How long hast thou been preparing thyself for my lips. Ever from thy birth hast thou been gaining in size and sweetness, and the labors of thy life-time are devoted to me. But perhaps I should not show thee gratitude; thou art insensible; thou canst not appreciate it.’

And then, suffering myself to gaze dreamily at the peach, I wandered off, imagining its history, and thinking of its education, habits, and way of living, until, at last, I was interrupted by a tiny, but clear and sweet voice, calling me by name. I looked around to see who called me in such unwonted tones, and discovered the peach nodding pleasantly at me. So soon as it saw that I was attending, it commenced:

‘You would know my history, and you shall be gratified. In accordance with the custom of all biographers, I must first give you a sketch of my parentage. I am of a good family; one that has been long celebrated. My mother was taken from her home just as she had arrived at maturity, by an urchin who, being discovered in the abstraction, (I will not call it robbery, for such was my mother’s beauty, as she has often described it to me, that she might well have tempted an older person,) was fain to drop his ill-gotten booty, and seek safety in flight. As she had fallen in a grassy spot, she remained for a long time undiscovered, but was at last found, one morning, by the proprietor of the farm upon which she was born. But her beauty was gone; from long exposure to the wind and rain she had wasted away to less than one sixth of her original size, and what little remained of her was rough and hard; and, from what she has since told me, I should judge that she must have been a pitiable-looking object indeed. But the good old man saw the germ of good that yet remained, and carefully placed her in his pocket, saying that, although he could expect to derive no benefit from her, yet his children might, and, therefore, she should be placed in a good soil, and every chance for improvement should be given her; and she was accordingly transferred from his pocket to an appropriate corner of his garden, a space of ground allotted for her especial benefit, and the hope was expressed that she might improve it.

‘Grateful to the good old man for his kindness, my mother made every effort to meet, and, indeed, exceed his wishes, determined, if possible, to bring him a suitable reward. Thus, putting forth every effort, she soon became a comely tree, and in a few years had the gratification of presenting the old man with her first-fruits, and hearing him praise the beauty

and sweetness of her children. Nor were her children totally separated from her, for the good old man gave them a place near her, where she could be gratified with the sight of their growth, and where she soon had the pleasure of seeing some of them about to become heads of families themselves. But, alas! the good old man died, and his son succeeded him. My mother's grief was great at the loss, but oh! how much was it enhanced when she found how different was her new master! The demon of avarice was in his heart, and thus, year after year, did she find herself stripped of her children in their early youth. Long ere they were arrived at maturity, they were taken from her, and packed in baskets, to be bruised and torn in their journey to a great city, where they were to be sold in the markets, to be handled by rough and dirty urchins, to suffer every indignity. She clung to her children with all her strength, and refused to let them go. But, alas! she was weak; and when her master took her roughly by her arms and shook her violently, she could retain them no longer, and was forced to drop them one by one.

‘Once, after she had been treated in this manner, she was grieved almost unto death, and for a time in her sorrow refused all sustenance, and thought she would never recover from the chilling blasts of winter. But with the spring came refreshing dews and pleasant zephyrs, and once more she rejoiced, put forth all her strength, and bloomed again. At this time I was born, and as I looked around me, I was rejoiced by the sight of many brothers and sisters. We passed the time pleasantly and grew rapidly; we dallied with the soft winds, and the sweet night-dews came and kissed us. But, alas! there was soon to be a change. There came a few cold nights, then a frost. Our master, who was careless as well as avaricious, had left us exposed to its full fury, and all, except myself, who chanced to be snugly ensconced between two leaves, were killed. I here learned a lesson of patience and contentment; for, but the day before, I had been complaining of those two leaves as obstructing my view and shutting me out from light and warmth, and now they had saved my life. I soon had the grief of seeing my brothers and sisters wither and fade away, dropping off one by one until, at last, I was left alone. Although I felt keenly the loneliness of my situation, yet my grief was comparatively light, for I was yet too young to receive very lasting impressions. Not so, however, with my mother; her constitution suffered a shock from which it could never recover. She put on her mourning-robe of yellow, and seemed fast pining away. Perhaps she would have died then, had it not been that she yet had me to live for, but she never forgot to furnish me with sufficient food. I soon forgot the death of my comrades, or, at least, so far chastened my sorrow as not to neglect my own well-being. I lived only on the purest substances; I drew strength from the pure air and refreshing dews, and my mother furnished me with the purest juices of the earth.

‘This was the happiest stage of my life, for though somewhat sobered by the evident sadness and sorrow of my mother, yet I had no positive pain, and was far from being unhappy. One morning, I was startled by the sound of our master's voice, complaining, in high tones, of my mother, and evidently working himself into a passion, until, finally, he cursed her for her barrenness, and threatened her with being burned. This unkind-

ness plainly cut my mother to the heart; I felt her tremble violently as a sudden gust of wind swept by. Such unkindness from one whom she had so long and faithfully served, must have served to hasten her end; it is certain, at least, that from that time she pined away, until it seemed as if she could not hold out long enough to allow me to attain my full growth.

‘We were in this state when I felt that I contained within me the germ of a new life, which would enable me to continue my race, could it only be brought to maturity before I should leave my mother’s arms. I at once informed her of the fact, and was rewarded with new supplies of nourishment, which soon made a vast difference in my personal appearance as I grew apace. About this time, I came near losing my life, and for a short time much regretted my beauty, as it was that which came near bringing me to an untimely end. One day, when I had become abstracted in regarding my own beauty as reflected in the little stream upon whose bank my mother stood, I was aroused by human voices talking loudly, and, as I thought, mentioning my name. I glanced around and saw two boys: they were, indeed, talking of me. Attracted by that very beauty which I had been admiring a moment before, they were now devising means by which to become possessed of me. I was soon assailed with a volley of sticks and stones. I clung closely to my mother, who, though unable to defend me, yet held me as tightly as she could, and, when it was possible, interposed her own body and limbs as a shield; and so, at last, the boys became tired of throwing stones, which were aimed with too little skill to bring me down, and thus one of them decided to ascend for me. Seizing my mother around the body, he soon raised himself to a level with me; then, placing himself upon one of her arms, he endeavored to reach me; but just as I was giving up my last hope, my mother’s arm, weakened by age, fell broken and lifeless to her side, precipitating the boy into the stream below; and, thus discouraged, they left me once more in peace. I had suffered but little, although I received one wound, the scar of which you can yet see’—and the peach turned her rosy cheek to give me a view—‘but that soon healed, and I was profoundly grateful that it was no worse.

‘But let us pass over a time. I was now arrived at maturity, and began to feel an inclination to leave the maternal arms. Ere I left her, though, my mother gave me much advice for my future government, which it is useless for me to repeat, as it would be of but little interest to you, after which, gently loosing my hold, I fell to the ground. Here again I had a narrow escape, for I fell upon the bank of the stream, and should have rolled into the water, had not a friendly bush stopped my descent, and afforded me a shelter. I laid in this situation until the next morning, when I was aroused by the voice of my master, exclaiming: ‘What a fine peach! will bring three cents in the market!’ And, so saying, he at once transferred me to a basket which was filled with others of my species. We were covered tightly, and soon placed in a wagon, and started for the city. On the way I suffered terribly, for, beside receiving some severe bruises myself, I had the unhappiness of knowing that by my weight I was assisting to crush my fellow-creatures beneath me, and thus becoming an instrument—although an innocent one—of their destruction: indeed, it was a great wonder that we were not all

suffocated, such was the heat of the day, and the tightness with which we were covered: as it was, when we arrived at the wharf, and a new master removed the covering, he found nearly half of us so bruised as to be unfit for his use, and all such were unmercifully thrown into the river. I felt sorely bruised, and momentarily expected the same fate; but it appears that I imagined myself in a worse situation than I really was, for my master soon took me up, exclaiming: 'What a beauty! it will do to put on the top of the basket.' We were soon packed up in baskets again, and I observed with surprise that those among us who were suffering the most from bruises, and consequently least able to bear such a fate, were placed at the bottom of the basket, while those who were not at all, or at least but slightly bruised, were placed at the very top, where there would no weight come upon them. I was wondering at this strange disposition, when I heard one man call to another:

'I say, Jack, be sure and get the very best ones at the top, for it will make them sell at least a shilling better.'

I blushed with indignation at finding myself made an instrument of deceit, but was forced to submit to the degradation, for, as you see, I am entirely helpless.

We were again covered and placed in a wagon, and when I next saw the light, the basket in which I lay was standing in a place that seemed to be filled with different kinds of fruit, but in which there was a most intolerable odor. There was a bloated and odious-looking old woman looking at us, and after she had talked a while with our master, he drove on and left us with her. I was beginning to feel quite badly from the dirt I had contracted in my journey, and therefore could but feel grateful to the woman when she took me up quite tenderly, and with a brush cleaned me very nicely; after which she placed me in another basket which was already nearly filled with my companions who had undergone the same process. We were left but a short time to rest, however, for a man soon came and placed us on his shoulders, which we only left to be transferred to the board from which you purchased me. I here observed, too, that our master was very particular to let us show our best side outward, so placing us that our bruises should be unseen by those passing. And here I must confess I could not restrain a momentary vanity at finding myself placed alone, and seeing by a card over me that I was considered worth twice as much as any of my companions. But this vanity was but short-sighted, for on looking around me, I was reduced to a despair that I had not before felt. My whole life had been passed in fitting myself to continue my race; and thus, when I looked around me and saw nothing but stones upon every side, and when I considered that I should probably become the property of some of the many thoughtless urchins that I saw passing and glancing at me with wistful eyes — boys who, after gratifying themselves with my sweetness, would doubtless cast me carelessly upon the pavement — then my fear and suspense were horrible. I can bear to die, so long as I may hope to live again in another shape, but to die and have that the end, is terrible.

'Of the many narrow escapes that I had during the day I will not speak, as I fear I am already tiring you with my story; but at last I saw you looking at me. I examined you closely, and thinking I saw that in

your countenance which promised me a kind reception, I put on my most enticing hues to induce you to become my purchaser, and you bought me. The rest of my history is known to you. I am ready now to give you all my sweetness, only asking in return that you will promise to give me that for which I have wished so long—an opportunity to perpetuate my race.'

She ceased as I gave the desired promise. The clock struck twelve, and I awoke. The peach was still in the same place: I looked at it a moment, and then—ate it. And as I placed the stone in my desk, I promised myself that when the proper season should arrive, it should be returned to the dust from which it came.

E V E N I N G A N D D E A T H .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

O SWEET-VOICED Evening! o'er whose starry eyes,
Half closed in sleep,
Night's golden scarf of glimmering moon-light lies,
While sweet winds witch the woods with harmonies
They cannot keep:

What time the sun-set paints with molten gold
Night's cloudy bars,
And the soft mist of ocean, inland rolled,
Seems with its white wings gently to enfold
The thoughtful stars:

Whether thou diest in the arms of Night,
When, like a crone
With hooded form, upon the mountain's height
She digs thy bed amid the lightning's light
With horrid moan:

Or whether, in as wild a guise as this
Thou wearest now,
Thy sweet breath fades from the sweet wilderness,
And not a cloud is near to shade the bliss
Of thy fair brow:

Oh! peacefully, like thee, when all is o'er
In death's cold sleep,
May I pass hence unto that joyous shore
Where they that trouble here shall come no more,
And none shall weep!

So, haply, they who mourn with tearful eyes
Beside my tomb,
Shall see bright thoughts in sorrow's night arise,
Like stars that light the way to Paradise
Though death's thick gloom!

Utica, August, 1853.

L O O K U P W A R D .

THE wreaths that deck the banquet-hall are flinging
 Their incense o'er the revellers below ;
 Alas! the hours their ceaseless course are winging ;
 And ere the blossoms shall have fallen low,
 The shadowy hand may trace along the wall :
 Away with feast and wine!—room for the bier and pall!

Oh! let me sweep the heavens with glance up-springing,
 Learn each bright radiance, count the gems of night,
 And pierce my way up where the stars are singing,
 Past the sweet influence of our worlds of light,
 And only pause where angel-paths begin
 At that wide gulf 'twixt purity and sin!

Give air! I pine here where the roof-tree wayeth ;
 Give me the lands beyond the orient seas ;
 My soul the ocean and the desert braveth ;
 Oh! for a life to spend in toils like these!
 Vain! vain! that starry guard no mortal breaketh ;
 The pilgrims' grave the desert path-way maketh.

Sweet is the blending of two hearts together,
 The mutual trust, the fond and kind caress,
 When each has sworn to part and sunder never,
 But given their lives for blessing and to bless ;
 And when the light of childhood's smile appeareth,
 That Home, half heaven within its bosom beareth!

Vain! vain again! My God not here is dwelling,
 Though sweet to live caressing and caressed ;
 And even here the solemn voice is swelling,
 'Arise!' depart! for this is not your rest.
 Immortal spirits ask immortal joy ;
 Earth's purest gold has dark and dim alloy.

Poor, lonely, fixed upon the bed of weeping,
 Day-light no longer greeting sightless eyes,
 Oh! what can give calm days and quiet sleeping?
 Can even star-light o'er such gloom arise?
 Yet hear a voice from that poor child of sadness,
 A voice of triumph and a song of gladness:

MY SAVIOUR! thou art near unto the lonely ;
 Thou givest light and glory to the blind :
 The veil of sense once rent from off the spirit,
 The bars once broken which the soul confined,
 What matters it whence comes that ransomed spirit—
 From hut or palace—glory to inherit?

Give me the water from those upper fountains!
 Give me the fruit of that immortal tree ;
 Take all the worldling's wealth of gain and pleasure,
 And let me find my fulness all in THEE.
 Their pinions droop, when *ours*, first upward springing,
 Catch gales of Paradise, their courses winging.

A. B.

JOURNEYINGS IN SPAIN.

NUMBER SIX.

SEVILLE is the most beautiful and interesting city of the Peninsula. Here the artist and the antiquary will find occupation for months; while for the mere pleasure-seeking traveller it is a most agreeable place of sojourn, as it affords more amusements and more comforts than are to be met with in any other part of Spain.

The public promenades are delightful. *Las Delicias*, which extends along the banks of the Guadalquivir, is a charming spot, shaded with fine trees, and skirted on the left by the magnificent gardens of the Palace of San Telmo. On fête days and on Sunday evenings, this beautiful resort is crowded with promenaders and elegant equipages. Here the stranger may wander for hours, indulging in the pleasing study of Spanish beauty; for the *Andaluza* is what we would call the type of the Spanish woman. Large, dark, and sparkling eyes, a profusion of glossy raven hair, arranged in the most becoming style, harmonize well with the warm tints of her clear brunette complexion. Her form is slender and graceful, and in her walk and movements there is an indescribable grace, which enchants every beholder. What wonder if, in this enchanted spot, love's glances should shoot from beneath many a mantilla? The scene is in unison with the softer passions of the heart: the air is filled with perfume; the heavens are cloudless, and the silvery Guadalquivir glides noiselessly by.

The Government Tobacco Factory is an immense edifice, situated near one of the gates of the city, which the stranger will not fail to visit. Here, five or six thousand hands are engaged in the manufacture of cigars and snuff, which are a government monopoly. In the lower story, the snuff-making is carried on by machinery worked by horse-power. Here the atmosphere is loaded with fine particles of tobacco from the grinding-mortars, which immediately set the visitor to sneezing most furiously, although the operatives appear to be entirely insensible to it. I could barely remain long enough to take a hasty survey of the various processes the tobacco is put through, before it is made into snuff, when I was obliged to make a hasty retreat to the open air. The second story of the building is devoted to cigar-making; where about four thousand women are daily engaged in rolling up the weed. Among this immense tribe, whose tongues moved a good deal faster than their fingers, I noticed many pretty, roguish-looking faces; but the greater part of them had a sallow, unhealthy appearance, owing, doubtless, to long confinement in a close, vitiated atmosphere. Much of the tobacco used in the manufactory is brought from the United States, which is mixed with the Cuba leaf, and the cigars are of very inferior quality. In fact, there are very few good cigars to be had in Spain, except those which are smuggled at the different sea-ports.

Seville is the birth-place of Murillo; and here are to be found some

of the finest efforts of his pencil. One room in the Museum is devoted to his paintings, where the lover of the fine arts may give himself up for hours to the study of his magical canvas. Here is a most lovely Conception, a favorite subject with Murillo, which he portrayed so often, and so exquisitely, that he obtained the name of *El Pintor de las Concepciones*. Here are likewise the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Shepherds, beside numerous other subjects, in his best style. Here, also, is the celebrated picture of the Virgin and Child, called *La Servileta*, from its having been painted upon a napkin which Murillo carried away from the dinner-table of one of his friends, by mistake. After some days, the napkin was returned in the form of a picture, very much to the delight of the owner.

Seville is one of the most lively and animated towns I have yet visited in Spain. The people are gay and jovial, fond of the dance and song, friends of pleasure, and enemies of toil.

It is here that we find the bull-fight in all its perfection. The *Torrero* and *Matador* are obliged to go through a severe course of training, at a school of Toromachia, and to show much address, before they are allowed to appear before the public; for the people are too good judges to allow any bungling in a performance to which they have been accustomed from their infancy. The bulls used for the purpose are allowed to run perfectly wild until they are old enough for the arena. They are then captured by tame animals, which are trained for the purpose; yet the operation is not performed without great difficulty, and much danger to the lives of the captors.

The day of a bull-fight is a grand gala-day; the whole town is in a state of uproar, contrasting strangely with the usual quiet which prevails in all Spanish towns. The stranger will not fail to be out early, to see the motley crowd of foot-passengers and vehicles, moving onward through dust and din to the amphitheatre. Pretty *majas*, in picturesque costumes, shoot their dark eyes at you as they pass; dashing-looking *majos* rush by on their gaily-caparisoned horses; ladies of rank move on in their splendid equipages; while *calesas*, donkeys, and dogs, and foot-passengers of high and low degree, are all hurrying forward in one continued stream toward the centre of attraction. These are indeed *cosas de España*; and the stranger who is in their midst is apt to believe himself sure enough in Spain.

The amphitheatre of Seville is situated near the walls of the city, and is capable of containing from fifteen to twenty thousand spectators. Let the reader imagine himself one of them. At the appointed hour, the building reëchoes with a sweet strain of music from the orchestra. Presently, a large, massive door flies open, and a gay cortège enters the arena. At the head marches an alguazil, who advances toward the seat occupied by the alcalde, to receive from him the key of the stable which contains the bulls intended for combat. This alguazil wears the ancient uniform of his order, which consists in a cap of black velvet, ornamented with feathers, a closely-fitting black silk coat, and black silk net small-clothes, small cloak of black velvet, hanging from one shoulder, and large top-boots. He is followed by a dozen *torreros*, dressed in the *majo* style, heretofore described, although much more dazzling in colors

and gold-embroidery. After these come several *picadores*, mounted on horse-back, and armed with lances. The *torreros* and *picadores* now disperse over the arena; a flourish of trumpets is given, a large gate suddenly opens, and an enormous bull rushes forth, amid the shouts of the audience.

The animal gazes around upon the vast crowd, as if paralyzed with fear. A murmur of disapprobation is spreading through the crowd, and the word *cobarde* passes from mouth to mouth. But the attention of the beast is soon attracted to those immediately around him. The *torreros* approach, and shake their red mantles in his face; his anger is aroused, he paws the ground with rage, shakes his huge head, and darts with fury at his foes. The excitement now commences in earnest. The agility of these *torreros*, in avoiding the bull, is really astonishing. They dodge from one side to the other, throwing out their red mantles, upon which the animal wastes his strength, at the very moment you would imagine the individual to be lost. When all their artifice fails, and they find they can no longer stand before the furious animal, they run with the speed of a race-horse, and if too closely pursued, often leap the high barrier which separates the arena from the audience. When the animal is sufficiently excited, the *picadores* approach, lance in hand, to offer combat. This is the commencement of a cruel butchery. The poor animal receives numerous thrusts with the lance, which he revenges by goring the horse in the most shocking manner.

It is now that the horseman shows all his address, by wheeling and jumping, and, when he cannot avoid the onslaught of the bull, by raising his leg, and inclining his body to the opposite side of the horse, so as to avoid the blow himself.

It appeared to me that it would pain the most unfeeling heart to see these poor horses bleeding to death, with their entrails trailing on the ground, still obedient to the will of their rider, still courageous enough to face the infuriated animal. Sometimes the bull throws both horse and rider upon the ground, and rushes with fury upon his prostrate foes. When these deadly struggles take place, and the life of man and horse appear to hang by a hair, the audience become excited to the highest pitch. The *picador* generally manages to fall on the opposite side, and thus leaves the horse as a barrier between him and the bull, and makes his escape unharmed, amid the cheers of the spectators. Should he be wounded, however, or gored to death, which is not an uncommon event, he is immediately carried out, and replaced by a new combatant.

When the bull manifests no disposition to fight, a signal being given, he is attacked with small arrows, armed with barbed iron points, which are thrust into his flesh. These cause exquisite pain, and the animal soon becomes furious. At this moment, a *matador*, armed with a long sword, approaches the infuriated beast. The bull prepares himself for a rush upon his enemy, but the latter dauntlessly draws near, and, as the bull leaps at him, dexterously steps to one side, and endeavors, with one masterly thrust, to dispatch him. This unequal combat of one man on foot against so powerful an animal, excites the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, especially if the *matador* is dexterous, and is enabled to give the death-blow at the first pass.

When the thrust is true — when it strikes no bone, but glides under the left shoulder directly to the heart — death is almost instantaneous. The furious beast, which a moment before was so full of life and energy, falls prostrate at the feet of his conqueror, amidst the deafening shouts of the multitude. A gay team of mules, ornamented with flags and bells, now enters the arena, and the prostrate animal is dragged out at a rapid gallop.

When a bull runs from his adversaries, and cannot be made to show fight, he is doomed to a dishonorable death. A long pole, armed with a sharp steel instrument in the shape of a crescent, is brought forth, and the animal is crippled by dividing the tendons of his legs; and after he is thus maimed, an assistant approaches, and pierces the spinal marrow with a short dagger. This cowardly operation is considered beneath the dignity of a *matador* or *picador*, and is left for their inferiors.

Eight or ten bulls are usually sacrificed at one exhibition, and as many horses are often gored to death before the crowd disperses, and the approach of night puts an end to the bloody spectacle.

Leaving Seville by the steamer, I descended the poetical Guadalquivir to Cadiz. For several leagues, the banks of this river are charming. Orange-orchards, with their golden fruit, are seen on each side, and the verdant hills are embellished here and there with beautiful little country-seats. But soon the country becomes flat, treeless, and deserted, save by the wild bull, who roams here unmolested, until required for the amphitheatre. Toward evening, we approached fair Cadiz, which appeared to rise before us like a fairy city from the sea, its white palaces and towers tinged with the last rays of the setting sun.

This once populous and commercial city is now lifeless and inanimate. The harbor is almost without shipping, the quays are deserted, and every thing looks like decay. It has few attractions for the stranger, and one is soon wearied with the dull monotony of the place. Sunday is the only day that the streets look lively, and that the *Alameda* is frequented by those bright-eyed beauties who have a world-wide reputation. Wandering along the gravelled walks of the *Alameda*, or seated in some quiet nook by the sea-wall, the stranger may pass many a pleasant hour in gazing upon those sunny faces of which Doña Julia is the type.

Xeres, the great wine-mart of Spain, is about twelve miles from Cadiz. Although this is a town of thirty thousand inhabitants, the streets look so deserted, at some periods of the day, that one might suppose it to be uninhabited. It is only toward evening that it appears to awake, and become somewhat animated.

Xeres is surrounded by vine-clad slopes, which yield a wine much more appreciated abroad than in Spain. It is very interesting to visit one of those immense wine-*bodegas*, or store-houses, where thousands of butts of this precious liquor are regularly arranged on each side, like files of soldiers.

Sherry-wine undergoes a variety of processes before it is fit for the market. Wines of different ages, different flavors, and different vintages, are mixed together, in various proportions, until a proper standard is obtained. This concocting of the wines devolves upon a very important personage, called the *capataz*, who is regularly trained to the business, and

passes his life among wine-butts, tasting and correcting, one by the other, according to his judgment.

The consumption of sherry in Spain is very trifling, as it is too strong for Spanish taste. Even the work-men in the *bodegas*, who are surrounded with it all day, seldom touch it, but prefer a lighter wine called *Mansanilla*, which grows in a neighboring district.

Returning to Cadiz, I took the English steamer for Gibraltar. Embarking at four o'clock in the afternoon, at about mid-night the huge rock loomed up in the distance, and soon after we came to anchor off the town.

Since the acquisition of Gibraltar by Sir George Rooke, in 1704, who found it garrisoned with only eighty men, the English have been gradually increasing its strength by adding to the fortifications; and, although it is now considered impregnable, the works still go on. A stranger may occupy his first day very well in inspecting the fortifications, which are built with a solidity to defy time and the enemy. On the second day he will procure a permit from the Governor to visit the galleries tunnelled in the rock, which are very curious, and are the result of immense labor and expense. Here, at every few steps there is a port-hole, cut out of the rock, from which points a huge cannon. These batteries are so much elevated, that they are more for show than use; and, on the other hand, after one or two discharges, the smoke, which has no means of escape except through the port-holes, would be likely to suffocate the gunners.

Gibraltar is a free port, and is a *dépôt* for the commerce of various nations. It is the head-quarters of the Spanish smuggler, who, notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers he has to encounter in the pursuit of his calling, carries on a thriving business. There are smugglers here of all grades. I was much amused by one of the inferior class of these worthies, in crossing over in a small steam-boat to Algeciras, a Spanish town on the opposite side of the bay. As soon as the boat shoved off from the mole, the gentleman untied a small bundle, containing a variety of articles, and with great composure began to stow them away upon his person. He first placed about half a dozen silk handkerchiefs under his shirt, then put away a dozen or more gloves in the sleeves of his coat, pulled up his trowsers, and filled his boots with stockings, and, finally, stowed away about one hundred cigars in the red sash which he wore around his waist. On our arrival on the other side, I had the curiosity to watch our smuggler, to see how he would behave on landing. He did not manifest any hurry to get on shore among the first, and when he landed on the mole, lingered about among the officers, speaking familiarly to his acquaintances, and finally sauntered off deliberately, to disgorge his contraband articles in the back-room of one of the best shops of the city.

The rock is principally formed of gray lime-stone, and, at its highest point, is elevated one thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its length from north to south is about three miles, and its circumference, seven miles. A flat, narrow strip of sand, called the neutral ground, connects the rock with the main land, so that, at a distance, the huge mass looks as if it were surrounded by water. Passing over this

narrow strip, the traveller at once feels himself again in Spain. The sal-low Spaniard takes the place of the florid-faced Englishman, and the little village on the borders of the neutral ground has a dirty, uncared-for look, which contrasts badly with the order and cleanliness which prevail at Gibraltar.

Gibraltar is a dull place for a stranger, and after he has visited the fortifications, he will generally be glad to proceed on his journey. But, unfortunately, it is not always in his power to leave when he may desire, as the steamers which run between Cadiz, Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean coast of Spain, to Marseilles, only touch at stated intervals. I had eleven days in prospect before the arrival of the steamer; eleven days of *ennui*, which I endeavored to cut short by taking one of those small craft called a felucca, to Malaga.

I made a bargain with the captain of one of these vessels, and had my baggage sent down to the mole, when suddenly a swift levanter commenced blowing, which was a head-wind, and I therefore had my choice of remaining on the rock, or of running the risk of being out at sea, in an open boat, for three or four days. The choice of evils appeared to me to be about equal, but after some reflection, I decided to remain, and therefore packed off to the hotel again, bag and baggage. I passed the remaining days of my stay in wandering around the fortifications, scaling the rock to its flag-staff, and making excursions along the sea-shore, and over the neutral ground into Spain.

I also crossed over a second time to Algeciras, on the opposite side of the bay, which is an old town, containing about sixteen thousand inhabitants. What a contrast there is between this place and Gibraltar! In the latter place, the English have brought with them to a southern climate the English style of building—small glazed windows, small doors, with brass knockers and door-plates. Every thing looks ‘stuffy;’ while at Algeciras there are large portals, cool court-yards, immense windows reaching from the floor to the ceiling, without glazing, or any other contrivance to exclude the air.

The streets of Algeciras, on ordinary occasions, are silent and almost deserted, and one is reminded, on every side, that he is within the precincts of Spanish rule. On entering the *grand plaza*, I found it crowded with people. The church, which occupied one side of the square, was open, and appeared to be filled to overflowing. I approached, and with some difficulty entered the building, where I found they were performing a Te Deum for the escape of the Queen from the attempt made upon her life a few days previous. There was a fine display of military present, and the music and singing were excellent.

After having been chained to the rock, like a second Prometheus, for two weeks, the Spanish steamer arrived, and I took passage in her for Malaga; and I do not remember ever to have left a place with less regret. Getting under-way at about eight o'clock in the evening, we reached Malaga the next morning at day-light.

Malaga is purely a commercial town, and more celebrated for its sweet wine and raisins, than for its literature and fine arts. It is said that the export of raisins amounts to one million of boxes annually. The climate of Malaga is said to be superior to that of Italy during the winter-season.

The city is open to the south, and sheltered on the north by a range of mountains whereby it is protected from the cold wintry blasts. There is a very excellent hotel here, which is much frequented by English invalids in the winter-season, where one will find many English comforts not to be had in many parts of Spain. Malaga has a very pretty Alameda, shaded with trees, and ornamented with a handsome marble fountain, where the higher classes promenade in the evening. The public buildings will hardly require any mention. The Cathedral is comparatively modern, having been commenced in 1538, and finished in 1719. Though a spacious edifice, it is devoid of architectural beauty, and contains no good paintings.

The stranger should not leave Malaga without visiting one of the factories of clay-figures. These little statuettes are made to represent *majos*, *contrabandistas*, *bull-fights*, and other national characteristics, with a truthfulness to nature that is really surprising. The finish, the painting, and the expression, together with the anatomical accuracy with which they are moulded, excite the admiration of all.

Leaving Malaga for Alicante, we stopped for a few hours at Carthagena, once a naval post of great importance, but now in a languishing condition. The Marine Arsenal is on a large scale, but its basins, its docks, its foundries, and its rope-walks, are silent and deserted. Every thing appears to be suffering from neglect, and an air of gloom hangs over this once important place.

Leaving Carthagena, we experienced a severe levanter, and our steamer was obliged to put into the small harbor of Santa Pola after running about fifteen miles. We endured a penance of two days in this little port, being unable to land on account of the heavy sea running, or to continue on our voyage, owing to the severity of the gale.

But the good and the evil things of this life have alike their end. On the morning of the third day of our detention, the wind abated sufficiently to allow us to proceed to Valencia. Valencia is situated about three miles from its port, and I was conveyed thither in a vehicle much used here, called a *Tartana*, which is nothing more than a cart without springs, covered with a round top, and having the bottom made out of a netting of ropes. Crack went the whip, and away flew the horse at a full gallop, over one of the roughest roads it has ever been my misfortune to travel; and the jolting was so great that I was obliged to hold on to the sides of the vehicle to steady myself.

Valencia is the capital and chief city of its province, and contains a population of one hundred and twenty thousand souls. It is surrounded with *tapia* walls, and has eight gates, the towers and machicolations of which are extremely picturesque. The town, like all Moorish-built towns, has narrow and tortuous streets, and high, gloomy-looking houses. The Cathedral is one of the least remarkable in Spain, and appears to be a mixture of the Gothic with the Corinthian style, which harmonize badly.

There are some very fine paintings in the chapels and sacristia by Sassoferrato, Juanes, and Ribera. The two latter were natives of Valencia. In the *Relicario* is the *Santo Calix*, the cup used at the Last Supper. I believe there are several other churches which claim to have the cup but the Sacristan assured me this was the true one.

In the museo will be found a large collection of paintings, taken principally from suppressed convents. A majority of them are poor, but among the number are several master-pieces by Pibalta, Ribera, and Juanes.

The climate of Valencia is very favorable for invalids. In the winter-season the air is soft and balmy, while during the summer the heats are tempered by the sea-breeze.

It is also one of the richest agricultural districts of Spain. Under a system of artificial irrigation bequeathed by the Moors, this *huerta*, or garden, as it is called, produces a never-ending succession of crops.

The Valencians are a much darker-looking people than any I have yet seen in Spain. They appear to be a gay, jovial, pleasure-loving race, but are said to be exceedingly fickle and treacherous. They are very prone to use the knife on the slightest provocation; and in no part of Spain are assassinations more common. While I was in Valencia, there were one or two murders committed in the street, and I was warned by my friends not to stray into any of the by-ways after dark.

The costume of the lower classes is quite oriental. The men wear the sandal, with their legs naked, or covered with a kind of a gaiter, or stocking, without feet; pantaloons of white linen, made broad, and extending only a little below the knee; a gay jacket, with slashed sleeves; and over one shoulder is thrown the *manta*, a many-colored plaid, which serves the purpose of a bed or a cloak.

Leaving Valencia by steamer in the afternoon, on the following afternoon I was in Barcelona. On approaching this city, the stranger is somewhat surprised to see the smoke of numerous forges and factories, a sight not witnessed in any other part of Spain. All the new portion of the city is magnificently built; and the streets are wide and well-paved. Every thing looks like good order and industry, wealth and prosperity, and presents a strong contrast to the other towns of the peninsula. The Catalans, however, appear to be a distinct people; they differ in dialect and habits, and are extremely frugal and industrious. In fact, they might with much propriety be called the Yankees of Spain. Here the picturesque costumes of Andalusia and Valencia disappear; the graceful mantilla is almost entirely replaced by the French bonnet, and the musical language of Spain is changed into a vile patois.

I arrived in Barcelona in the midst of a great fête, in celebration of the recovery of the Queen from the wound she had received in the attempt made upon her life. All the public buildings and private mansions were decorated with flowers and rich drapery, the streets thronged with well-dressed people, and the Rambla, the fashionable promenade, crowded with the élite of the city. At one end of the promenade a richly-ornamented tent was erected, where a fine band discoursed sweet music for those who wished to join in the dance. Near it was a greased pole, about forty feet high, which afforded constant amusement to a portion of the crowd, for the unlucky wight who attempted to climb it was almost sure to fail. If he succeeded in mounting to the top, he gained great applause, and in addition received a trifling prize. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated; bands of music were playing in every direction, and parties dressed out in fancy costumes, holding large flambeaux

in their hands, paraded the streets on horse-back, and all the theatres were turned into ball-rooms.

To the pleasure-sceker, Barcelona presents few attractions ; and, in fact, for all classes of travellers, except the commercial, a sojourn of two or three days will amply suffice.

Barcelona terminates my journeyings in Spain, and I will conclude these brief sketches with a few passing remarks upon the people and the country.

Those who have never travelled in Spain, or who are little acquainted with the manners and customs of the country, have an idea that all Spaniards are grave and formal, like the Castilian. This, however, is far from being the case. The people of each province are almost as distinct as different nations, having manners and customs, dress and dialect peculiar to themselves. This peculiarity is doubtless owing to the isolation of the different provinces by the chains of mountains which intersect the peninsula, and cut off intercommunication, as well as to the fact that for ages these provinces formed separate and distinct kingdoms. The rude, boorish Gallician, the industrious Catalan, the idle, jovial Andalusian, the sly, vindictive Valencian, and the grave, dignified sons of Castile, differ from each other as much as the inhabitants of distinct nations.

In travelling over this beautiful country, upon which PROVIDENCE has lavished His choicest favors, and which, under the rule of the Romans and Moors, was a land flowing with milk and honey, the tourist is struck with the scenes of desolation that every where meet the view. He roams over *deshechas y despoblados*, or wild unpeopled wastes, treeless and arid, where the melancholy picture is often heightened by ruined castles and villages, the signs of former prosperity passed away. The towns through which he passes are too often the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, and an air of gloom and sadness pervades their silent streets. The sea-ports have lost their former commercial importance, and the silent quays, once thronged by a busy crowd, attest the decayed condition of the land.

And wherefore, it may be asked, is this poverty, desolation, and wretchedness so visible, in a country which possesses advantages unsurpassed by any in Christendom ; where a fertile soil and every variety of climate admit of the productions of the tropical and temperate zones ; where the bowels of the earth yield precious metals, coal, and quarries of innumerable varieties of marble ; in fine, with a position most favorable to commerce, and a line of sea-coast abounding in fine harbors ? Yes, wherefore is this beautiful and once flourishing land so fallen, her people so sunk in ignorance, and so far behind every other civilized nation in arts and agriculture ? An answer may be found in these words — bad government !

‘KEEPING WATCH.’

‘He who his watch would keep, this must he do:
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.’

THE CRYSTAL WAVE OF MACKINAW.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

No more the Huron dips his noiseless oar,
Or prints the stealthy foot-step on the shore;
Or idly listens to the ceaseless roar
Of Mackinaw —
The crystal wave of Mackinaw.

II.

Nor the fierce Chippewa, with bounding leap,
Clears the still vale, or mounts the rocky steep;
Or stains with Otwa's blood the sparkling deep
Of Mackinaw —
The crystal wave of Mackinaw.

III.

Their younger brother now, with lofty pride,
Freedom's choicest blessings scattering wide,
Ploughs, with many a keel, the lovely tide
Of Mackinaw —
The crystal wave of Mackinaw.

IV.

Though the pale tradesman or the dusky brave
Corrupting gold or feathered glory crave;
Cool and unheeding flows the impartial wave
Of Mackinaw —
The crystal wave of Mackinaw:

V.

For ever flows: for Winter shall in vain
With icy hand extend the glassy plain:
Beneath shall still be seen the throbbing main
Of Mackinaw —
The crystal wave of Mackinaw.

VI.

And when the vernal zephyrs softly blow,
That glassy plain shall gently sink below,
To cool the azure depths, and swell the flow
Of Mackinaw —
The crystal wave of Mackinaw.

VII.

When, languishing, from torrid heats I flee,
Or seek from care my wearied mind to free,
Give me the shady walks and gelid sea
Of Mackinaw —
The crystal wave of Mackinaw.

TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK I. VOLTE.

A THUNDERING MUSICIAN.

'GOODNITY gracious me! the Old Boy's dead *and* buried!' ejaculated old THISON to me one morning, as he came in the office; 'de 'OLD BOY's' dead, Mr. Sheriff; I dreamed it last night; and whenever I dream,' continued he, 'of the old fellow, good-luck follows, and whatever we've got to do to-day will be successful. We a'n't a going to be disappointed in any thing to-day; business will go on smooove; no ups, no downs; square work; pleasant and nice. Beside, I got my boy's feet on me once more, and I feel young again. Yes! yes! the Old Boy's dead *and* buried! Nothing but good-luck to-day; bless you! bless you! good-luck day!' and so the music of the old man's voice died away in a lengthened *cadenza*.

It may be well for me to remark here, that the old man was a remarkable dreamer, and he always had a prognostic of some particular action in which he would figure successfully, or that some event would be successfully achieved by him whenever he dreamed. He was a firm believer in the prophecy of dreams.

'So, so, TISE, you had a dream, eh? pray tell it to me. And the Old Boy is dead at last, *and* buried,' said I to him, playfully; 'dead *and* buried,' emphasizing where he did; 'and so you think we'll have good-luck to-day?'

'Well, Mr. Sheriff,' answered he, 'I was cumfably fixed in my room last night 'bout ten o'clock, doin' something for my head — for you know I've been sufferin' de last day or two with a cold in my head — I woun' a stocking round my throat — nothin' better for a sore throat than that, you know — and Mrs. Biggum, my land-lady, telled me dere was nothing better for me den a gin-punch made hot, and I mustn't be very particular 'bout how much gin I took, only don't let it be too small; so I followed her advice, and I made it good, and hot, and *strong*, [and he emphasized 'strong;'] and I got in bed afterward, and I fell asleep soon, like a gentle little baby, I did; and I slept like a top, I did; and I dreamed, I did; and —'

'You —'

'Don't stop me, Mr. Sheriff; you'll spile it. I can't tell you the dream if you interrupt me. I was on a good string, and would let you have it all just as it come to me. Now don't do that ag'in! bless you, don't do that ag'in.'

I knew that he could not bear to be stopped in the recital, yet I was indisposed to hear his nonsense; nevertheless, as I had given him encouragement to listen to his dream, it would be provoking the very Old Boy

to come forth whom he had declared was dead *and* buried, and thus ignore the *morale* and the pith of the dream.

'I won't interrupt you any farther, TISE; come, go ahead.'

'Well, as I was saying,' continued he, 'I dreamed I was in a beautiful little cottage elus by a running stream of water—a brook, like, on'y dere was n't much water,' [a slight allusion, I thought, to the gin-punch, strong with gin, and very little water,] 'and the weather was very hot,' [gin-punch hot, too,] 'and I thought I heerd beautiful music: it was n't like a band of musicianers' music; it come over me so dat when I heerd it fust, it made me feel all over so happy and delighted, dat I ris right up—at least, I tried to; but I could n't; the music was so delightful it kept me down,' [the gin-punch, good and strong, kept him down:] 'and I listened; oh! it was so 'chanting like, for I could n't git up; and the music it come, and then it went, and then it come ag'in; and then I looked, and then the pootiest little creturs, female creturs, come around me, all dressed up so fine; and they danced to the music, and they tripped, and they hopped, and they jumped, and they skipped, and dey patted me on de chin and on my cheeks, and dey played with my gray hair, the little rogues, dey did, and I could n't move a bit, on'y I kept my eyes and my ears open—my eyes to look at the pooty little people, my ears to hear the sweet music—and I was aggerwated when I found I could n't move; and den dey would go off from me, and dance, and hop, skip, jump, so gracelessly,' [gracefully:] 'never was sich seed by me afore; and den I seed a old man, a Quaker-looking man, I thought; and I see he had an axe, I thought, under his coat, on'y de handle was sticking out from under his arm, and I did n't like his looks: he come to de door of the cottage, and he looked in, and he said something about the little people coming down with him, but dey would n't heed him; and den I think the Quaker-looking man was n't so savage-looking; and den he went away; he did n't like the music they was dancing to, for he was a Quaker, and on'y liked simple music; and den (all de time I was 'parently 'wake) come other kind of music; it was n't sweet at all; and then the little folks who was a dancing, they changed, it 'peared to me, and dey begin for to skimper and jump onto the others' backs; and den the music it changed worser than it was, and didn't soun' like music at all; and den I feel as I could move, and I tried, and I did move; and what should I see then but the little folks had changed into a whole batch of cats; and they skimpered, and they jumped, and they mewed, and their mewling was the horriblemest music; and I then turned over, and I ris up, and I jumped up out of the bed, and the whole but three on 'em run away, leaping through the window, up the chimbley, and out of the door: dem three what was staying behind was reg'lar mottled cats; dey was n't white, nor was dey black, but dey was ugly-looking ones, I tell you. So I got up quick, for de gin-punch made me feel so good; and I looked roun' for something to strike with, and I found the junk-bottle what I had my gin in, on the table; I seized it: and would you believe it, two of them who seed it, run away right off, (dey thought it was a gun,) jumping through the window, and not taking it genteel at all, by going out of the door; and then there was on'y one left, and he was the ugliest-looking cat of 'em all; I thought I should have

a lot of trouble with him. I guess he was the general of the brigade of cats; so he 'peared to me; but thinks I, Who's afeard? I a'n't! And I moved to the fire-place; the cat he ris his back, and he began for to sputter and spit; I got hold of the poker, and I poked right and left at him; and he warded off once or twice; and he ris hisself ag'in; and he mewed loud, and once ag'in louder; and I lunged him a sure blow; and I pierced his flesh; and I banged about him nine times, and nine times nine, and he gin up; he mewed, and sich a mewing! it died off into nothing, and so did he. And then I thought the Quaker-man's judgment of the music must be better than mine; he thought there was no harmony in it, while I (thinking it was delightful — p'raps it was owing to the gin-punch made strong) wasn't much of a judge of concord of sweet sounds, any how. Now, Mr. Sheriff, my conclusion 'bout the dream is this: that the last cat, the stubborn cat, was the Old Boy; and I fixed his claws, pared his nails, stiffened his carcase: he is dead *and* buried. And we're goin' to have successful business to-day, and I should n't wonder if it was in the musical way. Some folks go by contraries in dreams; I don't. What do you think of the dream? It's surprisin', a'n't it?"

"It is surprising," said I in answer, determined to humor the old gentleman, 'very surprising, and very *newsical*, too, Tise,' enunciating the word '*newsical*' so as to convey a sort of imitation of the music of the feline gentry; at which he burst into a loud laugh, ringing a ha! ha! and a ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! he!' and winding up with a sudden jerk, 'Get out!'

"So you believe, Tise," continued I, 'something in the musical way will turn up, and all will go on harmoniously to-day.'

"Yes, yes, dat I do. I never felt better and slicker den now; and when it comes, it finds me prepared. Believe it will come? I *know* it will; a'n't my dream a warnin' dat it will come?"

Strange that there are people who so firmly believe in the reality of dreams, I thought; and yet the old man might not be disappointed in his expectation. And while I was thus cogitating, sure enough, the expected writ, being a writ of replevin in *detinet* for a piano-forte, rose-wood case, seven octaves, was placed in my hands — the suit being brought by Fritz Von Helfrich, a piano-forte-maker, against Romer Bayton and Barbara Bayton, his wife.

Counsëllor Smallwood, who represented Von Helfrich, was, at the present time of communication with me, represented by his factotum, or man-of-all-work — such as is usually maintained in some lawyers' offices, to do the 'demanding' part of the business, attend and be present at settlements and negotiations of claims, and serve notices in general. This class of very useful adjuncts of the law office is usually composed of young men; but in the case in question, Mr. Smallwood's factotum was a man of about five-and-forty, a native of the '*jim of the say*;' withal, very intelligent, active, and rather disposed, I must say, to going it blind, and occasionally, by the impulsiveness of his character, getting a knock-down or two for his seeming impertinence. Mr. Smallwood's man's name was James Largo; and about the sheriff's office, as he was Mr. Smallwood's factotum, he was called 'Largo al factotum.' It was undoubtedly a very appropriate designation for him.

'Mr. Sheriff,' said he, addressing me, 'here's a writ ready for service, Sir. Mrs. Bayton, Sir, has our piano-forte, Sir, rose-wood case, Sir, seven octavios, Sir—beg pardon, Sir, octavos, Sir—she has it, Sir, in her house, beyant Broadway, by Wooster-street. And will you go now and execute the process at once?'

'Certainly, Mr. Largo, I am ready, and am at your service on the instant.'

'Beg pardon, Sheriff,' replied he, 'I'm not jist ready; only say the word after two hours, and I will have assistants to accompany you to take the piano down. Will you be ready by one o'clock to-day?'

'Yes, say one o'clock. I will wait for and meet you here at that hour, Mr. Largo. Be prompt, though, if you please.'

He left me, promising to see me at the time appointed.

Now, during the while Largo was speaking, from the time he first addressed me to the end of the conversation between us, THISON, who had been seated near me, and from the first mention by Largo of a piano-forte replevin, rose-wood, seven octaves, the appointed time, his eyes glistened, nay, sparkled with pleasure; his mouth had a pleasant bow in it; he smacked his lips as his ears caught the sounds which were to make his dream a reality, and with that assurance which was now made known to him by what he heard, he, in a look and an occasional leer, peering right in my eyes, expressed all his thoughts, at times patting his knees, rubbing his hands, crossing his legs, rising from his chair, listening attentively and closely, lest he might lose a word, until the appointed time, one o'clock, was uttered.

'See, Mr. Sheriff,' said he, 'the old man a'n't no fool. Why, I have lived a good many years, and I have dreamed a good many dreams. I told you what would happen, and ha'n't it begun? The little creturs in my dream was the keys; seven octavios is forty-nine on 'em; and I a'n't sure, but I think there was about as many of the little creturs.'

'Will you be ready to go with me at one o'clock, my old friend?' said I to him, 'as I desire very much that you should see the end of your dream, and what will come of it.'

'You couldn't keep me away, God bless you.'

One o'clock came round, and with it punctually came Mr. Largo; but I was sorry to see him accompanied by almost an army of assistants. I complained to him, and objected that so many, or more than one, or at most two, should go with me.

'You don't want them, Mr. Sheriff,' said THISON; 'take an old man's advice; you will get along a great deal better, if you only take one beside me and Mr. Factotum.'

At the mention of which word, Mr. Largo looked unutterable things at THISON, who, perceiving the mistake into which he had fallen, proceeded very gracefully to ask Mr. Largo's pardon for misnaming him.

'I don't care nothing about it, Mr. Sheriff; 'ta'n't none of my business: but take an old man's advice; don't you take no one with you but Mr. Fac—Largo, I mean—myself, and another gentleman; for it's an old saying that 'too many cooks spiles the broth.'

I thereupon, at the suggestion of THISON, allowed him, Mr. Largo, and one of the plaintiff's workmen, to accompany me. Dismissing all the

others, we proceeded to the house occupied by the defendants; and when I had got within a block of the place, I saw two or three men on one corner of the street, as many on another corner, several more leisurely walking on one side of the street, one seated on the stoop of a house immediately opposite, a number disposed of in the various groceries around the neighborhood, and to all of whom Mr. Largo gave a nod or word, speaking first to one, to another, and then to several, which proceeding I intimated to him was out of the order of arrangements I had made with him. I remonstrated with him, and told him that he could not expect me to be successful in the matter if he persisted in having such an army around me, posted by him to watch and prevent the piano from being taken or carried away previous to my arrival. But the mischief I had endeavored and labored to avoid, had been completed, as I afterward learned, and now it was too late.

'Dey have got a 'Hessian regiment' here, I think,' said THISON to me, 'and you see if what I've said about too many cooks do n't spile all.'

'I'm afraid it's done,' said I in reply.

However, not despairing, I went to the house, rung the bell, and quietly waited with my assistant the answer to my summons. Some minutes elapsed: no answer came. I rung again, waited: no answer at the door; but one of the windows of the first floor was opened, and a woman looked out and desired to know my business. I replied 'that I wished to see Mrs. Bayton.'

'I'm Mrs. Bayton; what do you want to say to me?'

'My dear madam,' replied I, 'please to open the door, and allow me to come in your house, and I will feel most happy to announce my business to you.'

'Oh, you can do it as well here,' she replied, very tartly, I thought; 'you can tell me just as well at the window as at the door.'

'I suppose I can, my dear madam,' replied I, 'but it seems to me that it would be more in accordance with decorum that my business, which is of a private character, should be communicated to you in not so public a manner;' and at the moment recovering myself from the position into which she had placed me, I asked her 'if Mr. Bayton, her husband, was in,' preferring always to deal with one of the masculine gender.

'He a'n't in,' replied she, snappishly, 'and if he was, he a'n't *no body* here. I'm the *boss* here,' laying peculiar stress on the words 'no body' and 'boss.'

'Dat's de general of de cats, of my dream,' whispered THISON to me.

'Well, madam,' said I, 'as Mr. Bayton is not at home, and as he is *no body* and you are the *boss*, and as you will compel me to make my business known to you at this place, and in this way, I now announce to you that I am the sheriff, and that I have a *writ of replevin* against you, in which I am commanded to take a piano-forte, wrongfully detained from Mr. Von Helfrich, and which piano-forte is in your possession; and I would respectfully ask you to open the door, to allow me to come in.'

'I won't do it,' said she, angrily; 'I knowed you was a officer; your specs showed it, and this here company of Dutch pianner-forte makers, that has bin hufing about, and watchin' my house all day. No, no, Mr. Sheriff, I a'n't no thief; I have n't stole nothing, and why should my

house be watched all day? I a'n't no robber. No, no, you can't come in, and you sha' n't, unless you break down my door. Open the door!' continued she, 'well, would n't you like to see me do it?'

'I would indeed, madam: but if you do not, I shall be compelled to break in.'

'Sa, sa! phit, phit!' said she, making all sorts of angry grimaces; 'do it! Sa—phit, phit—do it—sa, phoo, phoo—oo!' and down went the sash: it rung and jingled so, I thought every pane of glass in it was broken.

During my colloquy with the lady, Mr. Largo and THISON, who were present, and in the immediate hearing of all that was said, suggested various remedies. THISON insisted that the Dutch regiment, as he called the innumerable host of the plaintiff's work-men, should be put to rout by Mr. Largo; that Mr. Largo himself should go with them; that he and the sheriff was ekil to any 'mergency; that 't was n't the fust time he had *faced a woman*, and that it was n't goin' to frighten him bekase the woman was 'the boss,' and *he* would any how 'face the music.' Mr. Largo felt in extreme doubt. He was very fearful lest Mrs. Bayton should do him bodily harm; he thought he would go after the plaintiff, and get him to capitulate, (to withdraw the writ, I supposed he meant, and he did mean that,) or otherwise to stand bluntly up, and do as THISON recommended: 'face the music.' 'He could n't think of going away with the Dutch regiment, as he wanted to be present at the end; and as for sending away the work-men, that would n't do, as he desired and intended to have protection for himself, and they were here to protect him.'

I saw that, as has been said of a broiled beef-steak, in the words of the immortal bard,

'If 't were done, when 't is done, then 't were well it were done quickly.'

I was apprehensive that unless I moved with alertness, great danger was to be expected, and every moment lost was adding to the difficulties of access. It would n't do to speculate, so at once, and without farther thought, I directed Mr. Largo, as he was of no earthly use to me, to go and get an axe. With this, I intended to cut down the door, or break it in. 'Quick! haste, speed, Largo—quick.' THISON, meanwhile, stood close by me, knowing full well what was coming; for he had witnessed and was a sharer with me in many an expedition similar to the one we were now engaged in. When he heard the order for the axe, his eyes distended; he took off his hat, brushed through his hair with his hands, and with his fingers put up the top-knot and arranged it to his notion; a favorite operation of his when he proposed coming the *bald-eagle*, or, as he expressed it, 'something ticklish was going on or coming off.' 'All ready,' said he to me; 'waiting for orders;' and he buttoned up his coat.

I mounted the stoop of Mrs. Bayton's doorway, and proceeded, according to antique custom in our department, but upon what authority I never could learn, to read a proclamation thrice; the purport of which was, that I had a writ in my hands, commanding me to make delivery of a chattel to the plaintiff, and proclaiming that unless the door was opened

to me, so that I could take the piano-forte, I should force my way by breaking down any barrier that impeded my passage. The proclamation was made once, and I was on tip-toe of anxiety for the return of Largo with the axe — but he did n't come — when I heard a noise proceeding from Mrs. Bayton's house, similar to ten thousand knocks against a full chime of Chinese gongs. First, it sounded down among the bass notes; then treble, then tenor, as high as the piping of a *piccolo*; then down low, and a reverberating, continuous sound; and a continued striking, hammering, sounding, dashing, as though scores of players of the heavy and strong style were at one time engaged on as many instruments, and each playing a different tune; it was any thing but 'a concord of sweet sounds.'

'Dat was the sort of music I heard in my dream, the last of it,' observed THISON to me.

'Why does Largo stay away so long?' I said to THISON.

'I do n't know,' replied he tremblingly.

Down came those thundering blows again, at which he started, and the sweat came streaming down his furrowed cheeks; he closed up to me, and I made proclamation again. Still those knocks, those forceful blows that made every thing ring; the echo of the sounds interrupted by yet more blows, and whiz-z-z, bang, boong, bing, ting, brong, ti-lip, ti-lip, fizz, bang, swosh, kerool — and then a terrible crash like the sound of thunder reverberating; and then again the piping notes of the *piccolo*, and yet again, blow for blow, knock, knock, blow for knock; as though the piano-forte was being exercised with a 'coal-man's attachment,' or there were two or more pair of arms wielding weapons of destruction upon a doomed instrument.

'Where is Largo? where can he stay?' said I, in such great anxiety of manner, that THISON, desirous of putting an end to the question, as well as of Largo too, in this affair, strained his eyes by looking up and down the street, at last descried him coming leisurely toward us, and beckoned to him: 'Hurry, hurry!'

And still the strokes, knocks, blows, continued; still the sounds of the notes seemingly striking against each other, bong-te-ling, bosh, cring, swosh, boong tiz-z-z-z wang, the cadence of the notes being harsh; and still that booming and hissing, that dashing, crushing, toppling, as of houses falling down; now among the bass notes, then among the treble, then tenor, and now among them all; and then as of some thing snapping — whiz-te-ling! — boong, bosh-te-long! — amid which I heard Tise bidding Largo to 'hurry! hurry! too late! — late!'

And Largo then came and produced, as the result of his journey, the smallest size of a hatchet, and he handed it to me; and then the noise, the blows, the knocks, all ceased, and I made proclamation yet again: and then the door was opened to me from the inside.

'I think,' said Tise to me, 'that Largo must be a lath-boy; I'm swon, if he a'n't bin gittin' a lath-hatchet — the cussed fool! if he'd hurried — never mind!' — and the old man continued muttering about too many cooks.

'The best I could get, and the only one at that,' said he, in reply to THISON's observation.

There being now no objection nor obstruction to my entrance, I walked in the house, and then to the room which had contained the article I was in quest of; when Mrs. Bayton, seeing Largo, raised a heavy wood-cutter's axe, and slung it around, and made a desperate attack on him: fortunately for him, I saw the axe raised, and the blow aimed: I seized her arm, and the instrument of destruction fell at my feet, as he for the first time was made aware of his perilous position.

'Dangerous woman, that,' observed THISON, who was then engaged, with all of us, looking at the ruin strewed around us.

'And dangerous *women*, I think,' said Largo; 'there appears to be two axes, and there could n't have been so many blows, nor so much damage, in the short time I was away, by one alone.'

'No, nor there would neither been any damage at all done, if you had n't showed your ugly face here,' tartly replied Mrs. Bayton, walking up to him and shaking her fist at him: 'Who are you? what are you? Oh, if I was only a man!'

'Indeed, we would n't know what to expect in that alternative,' replied Largo; 'you have accomplished such unparalleled feats to-day. If you had been any thing else, I do n't know but you would have swallowed the instrument at a single gulp, and perhaps the sheriff and his posse too!'

THISON here came to me, and observed: 'Piano-forte — rose-wood — seven octavios, forty-nine little creturs; axe — two axes — three axes; three mottled cats, two women, and factotum — music — my dream is all out.'

'Yes, yes, my old friend,' said I, 'it is all out; it is all broken up. Is this your promised success in the dream? is this all smooth? 'Gad, I think it is any thing else but smooth — successful!'

'See, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, anxious to convince me of the potency of his forewarnings and dreams, 'it would ha' bin, but that cussed —'

'Stop now, THISON; Tise, no more for the present, but let us look at the damage and ruin before us.'

'Yes, look! ha! ha!' bellowed out Mrs. Bayton; 'and had n't your friend, the lawyer's tool, better look too? It's glorious; ha! ha!' and she seemed wild with fury and passion, when she thought of Largo.

'I'm blamed if she has n't spiled that insterment; she has knocked it all to pieces,' said THISON; and then the old man muttered something about 'a Dutch regiment — hatchet — lath-hatchet — lath-boy; fool — dream — forty-nine — seven octavios.'

There the remains of the instrument were: the cover had been broken in seven pieces; the keys all broken asunder; the case had innumerable gashes in it, wide-gaping; the legs cut and hacked all over; here a forceful stroke had been dealt, and these constant and continued blows had broken all the interior arrangements of the instrument. The strings were all cut, and hanging out of what was once a piano-forte; the pedal was slivered and cut in hacks; the cover or top was strewed in pieces on the floor, and every part of the piano liable to destruction by blows, was damaged, nay, destroyed — heaped up in the centre of the room. Mrs. Bayton mounted the pile, the axe still in her hands, standing confessedly there as the genius of destruction. It almost palls my senses now, to think of it.

'Mrs. Bayton,' said I, addressing her, 'at what time will your husband come home?'

'What do you want with him?' she asked.

'I desire to serve him with a copy of the summons in the suit.'

'Leave his copy, as well as mine, with me; it's all the same.'

'Mrs. Bayton, I take the liberty to say to you that I think you have acted in this matter very strangely, very perversely; and I think that when you are cool, and come to look at it in your moments of calm and quiet, I am convinced that you will agree with me.'

'To you, Mr. Sheriff, I would have acted entirely different, if you had n't come with that lawyer's man, that Mr. Largo; he set a pack of people to watch my house. I a' n't no thief — no robber — I'm a honest woman. I bought the pianner honestly; I paid for it in money and goods; and if the man I bought it of did n't come honestly by it, that a' n't my fault, is it?'

'It is not your fault, but it is your misfortune,' I replied. 'It is a pity you have damaged and broken the instrument, and made it the wreck it is; as, in its present condition, it is worthless, and now you will lose the piano-forte; as by your own act it has been destroyed. Pity, that you acted without thought.'

'We 'd better come alone, had n't we, Mr. Sheriff?' said THISON. 'If he,' pointing to Largo, 'had taken an old man's advice — too many cooks — beside, my dream would n't a busted — seven octavios, forty-nine creturs — axe, axes, hatchet, lath-hatchet, lath-boy — confound him, my dream's busted on his account!'

'Well, I do n't care again,' continued Mrs. Bayton; 'let him go on, and get a judgment, if he can! If he does, I s'pose I shall have to pay for the pianner, that's all; so there's no use making a fuss about it. It's done, and can't be helped now.'

I perceived a tear gathering in her eye, and now I was satisfied that she regretted her hasty act; impelled by passion as it was.

'I am going,' said TISE; 'time we were all off,' continued he. 'You had better not come at all with your Dutch regiment,' addressing Largo; 'you spiled all. You busted my dream. Too many cooks — forty-nine lath-boys — seven axes — three octavios.'

'Mr. Largo,' said I to that worthy, not at all pleased with the issue of this affair, and believing, with my old assistant, that he was the cause of the failure I had met with, in not getting the piano-forte, 'what shall I do with this 'wreck of matter' and this damaged case?'

He answered me, after consultation with one of the men he had brought with him, that I could take away the case, but as to the other part of the damage, he directed me to have nothing to do with it; 'I might leave it if I chose, but that the plaintiff would not take it.'

'And you want me to take this case, this shell?'

'Yes,' he replied. 'Take it; and I think it is a very *hard shell* for you to take, after your rich anticipations of a successful day, suggested by your old friend's dream.'

I directed THISON to superintend the removal of the remains, which he did to the satisfaction of every body, Mrs. Bayton included, who, when she came to ponder on the events of the day, and the terrible anger she

had shown, was glad to see the evidence of her passion removed. THURSON observed to me, when the work was all accomplished, 'that Mrs. Bayton was n't a bad woman, on'y she got in a towerin' passion when she seed Largo fidgettin' about. Me and you could get along very well with her. But a' n't she a player on that insterment?' and he giggled. 'She played on it wid two axes and four hands. Gosh! first I seen the lightnin' and then I heerd the thunder, and then thunder and lightnin' got mixed; then the little light notes at the top, and then the big heavy notes at the bottom; and then the case: what a swashing, smashin' bustin'! I think,' continued he, a laugh and a loud 'ha! ha!' preceding, 'I think she's a thunderin' musician; that is, she do n't play so fine, but then, it's so *strong, very strong*, it fetched me off my feet a good many times. I tell you, she's a rouser.'

'But, THURSON, how about the dream? Success smooth — no ups or downs!'

'It 'ud been all right, if it was n't for that axe — that Largo, I mean; he would fetch the Dutch regiment; and what good did it do him? None. If my dream is busted, I heerd the same kind of music to-day that I heerd last night in my dream; and that's something toward the dream coming true!'

E V E ' S M I S S I O N .

PONDERING ON ADAM'S situation,
 (Such thoughts instructive are,)
 Ere, in the dawn of the Creation,
 EVE rose, its Morning-Star:
 How melancholy seemed his station!
 How perilous his elevation!
 Imperial, absolute, and lonely;
 A king — among dumb creatures only!
 How any single man would harden,
 Left to himself in any garden,
 Without a being to restrict him
 In spending nights, or losing days;
 Of inconsistency convict him,
 To call him brutal, contradict him,
 Or tell him of his slovenly ways:
 Without a moment's sick sensation,
 And need of nursing and attendance,
 To make him realize dependence:
 And where no buttons lost from sleeves,
 Showed the necessity of EVES.
 But, in the glory of her mission,
 Upon the earth a woman stands;
 And lo! the Patriarch's condition —
 A puppet in her hands,
 Which rules, refrains, dislikes, desires,
 Precisely as she pulls the wires.
 And now, methinks, the only reason
 That woman is permitted still,
 With change, deceit, caprice, and treason,
 To thwart and baffle men at will,
 Is, lest, without her, we succeed in
 Forgetting we have lost our Eden.

M W.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND. By J. T. HEADLEY, Author of 'NAPOLEON and his Marshals,' 'WASHINGTON and his Generals,' etc., etc. In two volumes: pp. 658. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

It is a somewhat curious circumstance, that of all modern writers upon war and warfare, the two native authors who handle their bloody themes with the greatest apparent unction, who may be said really to write *con amore* of battle, and battle's awful doings, should be 'men of peace;' men who have been, or are still, clergymen. It will be at once inferred that we allude to Mr. ABBOTT, whose 'History of NAPOLEON,' in 'HARPER'S Magazine,' is attracting so much attention and conflicting comment, and Mr. HEADLEY, to whose last work we are about to pay our respects. We must do this latter gentleman the justice to say, that he is master of a style, in this peculiar department of literature, which at once enlists the attention of his readers, and carries them forward with him to the end of his task, with unabated interest. His subject may not be new; indeed, in his most popular books, it could not be; but he invests it with a 'newness of life;' he collects his materials most industriously, and from all available sources; and he arranges and groups his facts and incidents with the eye and the hand of a true artist. With some defects in the way of repetition of manner, in descriptions of kindred scenes of battle, whether upon the ocean or on the land, these volumes will commend themselves to the reader for the merits of conciseness, abundant correlative facts, and evident candor and impartiality. Mr. HEADLEY remarks in his preface:

'MORE books, probably, have been written on the war of 1812 than on any other portion of our history. The great political leaders of that time were so vindictive in their animosities, and took such strong and decided ground on all political questions, that the success of one or the other afterward in public life depended very much on his conduct during the war. Hence, much detached and personal history has been written in order to clear up or illustrate some particular event. A candidate for public office was often chosen for his services in the war; hence, every portion of it in which he took part was thoroughly investigated by both friends and foes. So, if one had failed in that trying period of the country, the world was sure to hear of it when he came up for the suffrages of the people. The war proved very unfortunate for some of the leaders, and court-martials and disgrace closed the career of many which had hitherto been bright and prosperous. These men have written long pamphlets and books in self-defence, or they have been written by their descendants, so that if hearing both sides

would aid the reader in coming to a correct conclusion, he was pretty sure to reach it. When so many quarrels are to be settled, the public will not fail to be informed all about the origin of them. Another class of works have been written, designed only to furnish a synopsis of the war, and scarcely reach to the value of histories. Others have been confined solely to the military and naval movements; others still are devoted almost exclusively to political matters of that period; so that notwithstanding the large supply of works on the war of 1812, I know of none in which all these different topics are even attempted to be combined in proper proportions. The present work is an effort to accomplish that end without being too voluminous on the one hand, or too general on the other. I have endeavored to give impressions as well as facts; to trace the current and depict the phases of public feeling, rather than inflict on the reader long documents and longer debates, in which every thing that gave them life and interest was carefully excluded by the reporter. . . . 'Having no animosities to gratify, and no prejudices to favor, I have set down naught in malice, but have endeavored to ascertain, amid conflicting testimony, the exact truth, without regarding the friendly or hostile feelings the declaration of it might awaken. In many cases I have withheld much that was personal, because it was not necessary to my purpose, and useless only in self-defence. That I should reconcile difficulties which have never yet been healed, and please rivals who have ever hated each other, was not to be expected. I have attempted, also, to give a clear impression of the political and social feelings of the times, and make the reader, as far as lay in my power, live amid the scenes I depict.'

In the first of the volumes before us is given, with all necessary minuteness, a review of the causes leading to the second war with England; commencing with a description of the oppressive acts of the British government and the forbearance of the United States, with the war-debates in Congress, etc. The remainder of the first and the whole of the second volume is devoted to graphic pictures of the successive battles which ensued, both on land and sea; the last ending with an account of the Dartmoor affair, accompanied by an engraving, both of which are reduced from an article in a former volume of this Magazine; and if our readers would see with how much more palpable *gout* Mr. HEADLEY writes of a 'bloody and *successful* warfare,' than of battles in which the American soldiers 'didn't seem to take no interest,' let them read the accounts of PERRY's and General JACKSON's splendid victories, and the sad record of General HULL's ridiculous conduct and disgraceful surrender, and the battle of Bladensburg. From all these we should be glad largely to quote, by way of contrast; but our limits forbid. So much the greater, however, will be the pleasure of the reader in perusing the volumes in their 'entirety.' We should not omit to add that the work is well and liberally illustrated, and that, like all the issues from the press of SCRIBNER, its typographical execution is unexceptionable.

THE JURIST AS A REFORMER: an Address pronounced before the House of Convocation of Trinity-College, in Christ-Church, Hartford, Connecticut, by WILLIAM E. CURTIS, M. A., Counsellor at Law, New-York, and Junior-Fellow of Trinity-College.

AN able and interesting paper, worthy alike of the author and the body before whom it was delivered. Although a glance at the title might appear to suggest a theme somewhat dry and foreign to mere literary tastes, the author has very rapidly and succinctly given in a short compass a view and review from earliest history of a science which concerns and interests all men alike, and whose development has been the accomplishment of ages. The style is elegant, and the treatment of the subject gives evidence of severe training on the part of the accomplished writer.

SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY. By an EPICURE. In one volume: New-York: LAMPORT, BLAKEMAN AND LAW.

WE are not surprised to learn that this book, although only published a few weeks ago, has already reached a *fifth edition*. It well deserves its popularity. It is a work of one who has read much, and with discrimination, and whose good taste in the selection and the juxtaposition of his various matériel, is as rare as it is pleasant. The subjects of the volume are very various as well as multitudinous: the peculiarities of distinguished men, the pastimes of people of different countries, bibliographical anecdotes, the associations connected with plants, sleep and its mysteries, and other topics of the kind, all which are treated in the most entertaining manner, with the aid of instances and illustrations, gathered from innumerable sources. 'In some respects,' says the *'Evening Post'* daily journal, 'the work resembles the collections of the elder D'ISRAELI, which have always been favorites with a large class of readers; but D'ISRAELI was not satisfied with amusing and informing his readers; he wished also to be sentimental, and his sentimentality is sometimes nauseous. In the work before us we find a more manly tone of writing.' The volume is a handsome one, and is embellished with not a few unpretending but very pretty cuts. There is one thing, however, which we would venture to hint to our very agreeable author; and that is, the omission, in future editions, of such infelicitous phrases as, '*Says SOUTHER,* in his amusing work,' or, '*Says SYDNEY SMITH,* in his review,' etc., etc. We should like to know who first introduced this clumsy form of expression to the public. He has much to answer for, 'whoever he may be, or not.'

A VISIT TO EUROPE, in 1851. By PROFESSOR BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, of Yale-College. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

AMONG the very first books of travel in Europe that we remember to have read, was SILLIMAN's 'Tour,' published before we saw the light of this nether planet, some forty-five years ago. We recollect many of its descriptions even now, and remember contrasting them subsequently with kindred scenes depicted by CARTER in the columns of the old 'New-York Statesman.' Nearly half a century after his first visit to Europe, our author again visits 'climes beyond the sea,' and the records of his journeyings form the two handsome volumes before us. Aside from the undeniable interest and variety of the work itself, many a graduate of 'Old Yale,' who has listened to the interesting lectures of the writer, and watched his beautiful experiments in the chemical laboratory of the college, when the hair now white with years upon that venerable brow was dark and shining, will secure its perusal for the reminiscences which it will evoke, and the pleasant thoughts which it will awaken: 'It is, like its predecessor, a great book of its kind, but a much better one; the work of a ripper mind, prepared for wider and closer observation. It is more concise, and considerably more entertaining. It is a capital book for the tourist; better in all respects, with the exception of'

certain travelling directions, than any of the guide-books, since it sets down, with great minuteness, all the facts which the traveller is interested to know, as collected by an active and discriminating mind, and spares you all the nonsense of these manuals. 'No carpet-bag can be considered complete without it.' The author's journeys in Europe lay through Eng'and, Wales, France, Switzerland, Italy, the country of the Rhine, Prussia, and Saxony. His observations were noted down at the time, so that the account of every place visited, and every object seen, may be said to have been written by the author on the spot.

POEMS BY GEORGE P. MORRIS: *The Deserted Bride*, and other Productions. Profusely embellished, with Fine Engravings. In one volume, royal octavo: pp. 305. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

This most superb volume—preëminently elegant in a typography which reflects the highest credit upon the press of CRAIGHEAD, in its fair white Bristol-board paper, unexcelled, and in its numerous illustrations, from the burins of ALFRED JONES and CHARLES BURT, most exquisitely engraved from the classic and facile pencils of WEIR and DARLEY—is, we hesitate not to say, one of the most beautiful that has ever issued from the American press. Praise so fervent as this might be questioned, perhaps, by those who had not *seen* the book; but the moment it shall present itself to the eyes of its readers—and in less than a month from the time these sentences come before the public, thousands will have seen it—it will be found that we have 'said but sooth.' Nor are the contents of the charming volume unworthy of their 'setting' and their adornment. Poems that have not the element of perpetuity have but a transient life. You shall see volumes upon volumes of 'poems' which have had their 'little day' of sudden fame, and are already snugly stowed in Time's wallet for oblivion; volumes upon which their authors have exhausted their 'art,' and partial friends have squandered their exaggerated praise; but *here* is a book—and the lesson is worthy of heed—which may safely rely upon its simplicity, its tenderness, its natural feeling, naturally expressed, for a reputation, (dearer far than aught else, we are sure, to the author,) instead of the mis-called 'power,' and 'inner-meaning,' and 'deep-down thought,' which were too 'powerful' for the common mind, and too high-flown and obscure for common intellects. Most of the briefer poems in this collection were given to the country twenty, and many of them as far back as thirty years ago. Not a few of them have been wedded to music as sweet and simple as themselves; and upon countless pianos in the broad domain of this our beloved land, they still find a home and an affectionate abiding-place. Some of the most popular among them, we must be pardoned the pleasure of mentioning, were written for, and originally appeared in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, now the oldest of our editor-author's literary contemporaries; '*The Deserted Bride*,' which gives the initial-title of the volume, among the rest.

But to the poems in this collection it would be adscititious now to advert. To be sure, there are new ones, of which, did our space permit, we should like to speak, and which we should be glad to transfer to our pages. But

wherefore? When this notice comes before our readers, they will straight way bethink them of 'Woodman, spare that Tree,' 'On the Lake where droops the Willow,' 'I'm with You once Again,' 'When we were Boys together,' 'My Mother's BIBLE,' and other kindred familiar poems, equally sentient in the national, nay, the *general* heart; and quotation would be vain, and worse than in vain. The *contents* of the book have spoken, speak, and *will* speak for themselves. It remains for us only to pay a brief and imperfect tribute to the illustrations, which it is easy to see could only have been a 'labor of love' to the accomplished artists who designed and executed them. They are all, with one exception, (a spirited head of the author, from the facile pencil of our departed friend, HENRY INMAN, whose mantle ELLIOTT so deservedly and without challenge wears,) from the hands of WEIR and DARLEY. They are fourteen in number, and represent 'Woodman, spare that Tree,' 'LISETTE,' 'The Croton Ode,' 'The Chieftain's Daughter,' 'The Dog-Star Rages,' 'When other Friends,' etc., 'The Prairie on Fire,' 'T is Now the Promised Hour,' 'Rock of the Pilgrims:' all these are by WEIR, whose pencil may be always known by one especial thing, apart from his masterly handling of his theme; and that is, *appreciation* of his author. Look, for instance, at the pictured expostulation with the wood-man to spare the tree, which he has begun to lay low. One positively feels that the chopper has taken what the woods-men call too wide a 'calf,' and that the venerable and venerated old tree is 'past praying for.' But not so; the wood-man relents, and that old tree will stand, 'when a hundred years are gone.' 'And long may it wave!' 'LISETTE' is a calm, sweet face, full of mingled character and feminine sweetness. The portrait of the author is an airy sketch in its kind; one of our lamented friend INMAN's best crayonish attempts. 'The Dog-Star Rages' is one of those pictures which few, if any, can paint so well as WEIR, but which, in our judgment, greatly lack the effect of *color*, as here presented. The conception, composition, and execution of 'The Prairie on Fire' are excellent, and all that could be expected of any artist; but who *can* depict a prairie on fire — next to the ocean in a storm, the sublimest of all sublime objects? 'The Promised Hour,' or 'The Serenade,' is certainly in the best manner of an artist who is always good. The theme is something hackneyed, alike upon the stage, in song, and in art; but it is here poetically and most artistically treated. 'The Rock in the Wilderness,' the last of WEIR's designs, is a graphic and effective picture, embodying in full the *sentiment* of the landing of the Pilgrims at the Rock of Plymouth, the 'Blarney-Stone of New-England,' as it was once irreverently styled by a departed Irish wit, and true Irish gentleman, at a 'Pilgrim' festival. DARLEY has but three pictures, but they have rarely been surpassed, even by himself. They are three illustrations of 'The Maid of Saxony,' a play; 'FREDERICK the Great,' which brings PLACIDE before us at once in St. PATRICK's Eve, poor POWER's play; 'SOPHIA MANSFIELD,' a lovely representation of the beautiful porcelain-factory girl; and WEDGEWOOD, the auctioneer, a capital impersonation of that busy, lively, and useful class of our 'fellow-citizens.' But we must pause; having only to add: Buy and read this most charming volume. It is richly worth five dollars, by the outlay of which you can lay it upon your centre-table, and take it to your heart.

BLEAK-HOUSE. By CHARLES DICKENS, Author of 'The PICKWICK PAPERS,' 'OLIVER TWIST,' 'DOMBEY and Son,' etc., etc. In two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE are of that class of impatient readers who devour 'serials,' if they are attractive, as they 'come out.' An interesting narrative, with an air of authenticity, claims immediate perusal, if once you 'dip into it,' and take, as it were, the fortunes of its heroes and heroines upon 'your own shoulders.' This we have done with DICKENS's last work, '*Bleak-House*,' now completed, and lying before us in two handsome volumes, elaborately illustrated, and well executed typographically, as might be expected of the renowned publishing-house whence the volumes proceed. When the work, as now, is 'done, and finished, and ended,' we can scarcely help envying those readers to whom all its characters will be *new*; who have, as yet, formed no acquaintance with the mysteries of the royal court of chancery, in England, as disclosed in '*Bleak-House*;' who know nothing of the memorable case of 'JARNDYCE and JARNDYCE;' who know not the sensible, the affectionate, the gentle ESTHER SUMMERSON; nothing of the honorable and pompous Earl DEDLOCK, and his tortured lady; nothing of ADA, of TULKINGHORN, of the hopeful and pliable 'RICHARD,' of BYTHORN, of 'BAGNET,' the 'Old Girl,' and of Mrs. JELLABY—nothing of the undying SKIMPOLÉ! Ah! what a treat non-'serial' readers have before them! And before these sentences shall have 'attained to type,' the book will be in the hands of so many of our readers, that extracts from it would become a 'twice-told tale' to them. We quite agree with a daily contemporary, in whose literary judgments we are wont to confide, that all the characters of '*Bleak-House*' pale and recede as the immortal HAROLD SKIMPOLÉ approaches:

'MR. DICKENS, in all his varied creations—and their name is legion—has never produced any picture half so new, so true and so needful as that of HAROLD SKIMPOLÉ. This gilded lie, this butterfly-swindler, this ruffian, masquerading as a child, and pretending innocence, in order that he may rob with greater security, is not a character unnatural or unknown. He exists, with slight variations, every where, although, strangely enough, until Mr. DICKENS served the world by publishing his portrait, he was only known in private. Exceedingly delicately has he outlined this man, preserving, with the true lightness of the artist, all those airy lineaments so difficult to catch—so much more difficult to register. There is an exquisite balance preserved in SKIMPOLÉ's character. He never discloses himself; he is never disclosed. By little and little our conceptions of him broaden into a complete appreciation of his villany; and even then, it is our own conclusion we draw—not the author's, or any of his characters'. SKIMPOLÉ is thoroughly sustained to the last; and even then, although he vanishes from the stage in that aerial, unsubstantial kind of way, befitting so spiritual and refined a rascal, he goes off with so intense a piece of ingratitude in his mouth, that his memory is inevitably gibbeted to our scorn.

'O, garrulous and gossiping Bard of Rimini! it will take much poetry, even of thy wishy-washy style, to wash thy hands of all connection with that pleasant, black-hearted, smiling, double-faced, heartless rogue, HAROLD SKIMPOLÉ! It will take many of thy 'Jars of Honey,' culled though they be for thee by the wild bees of Hybla, to sweeten this bitter pill, so publicly administered. In the very face of that 'Town' about which thou didst so lightly gossip, thou art unmantled, and standest exposed and shivering in the midst of the mocking and scornful crowd. What thy own base treachery to that noble POET, who sheltered thy unplumed carcase beneath his eagle-wing, began some

twenty years ago, Mr. DICKENS, with a few strokes of his caustic pen, has completed. Never did a more merited disgrace overtake a traitor; never did a man need more pity who deserved or will get so little.'

This paragraph points unmistakably to LEIGH HUNT; but may there not be some error in its assumption? We do not remember to have seen a single recognition of the character in any London journal. Moreover, our faith is somewhat staggered by a circumstance just mentioned to us by a distinguished metropolitan physician, recently returned from abroad, who while in London met LEIGH HUNT (to whom he brought letters) on two or three occasions at his own lodgings. The now venerable poet was desirous of negotiating with some American house for the publication of his collected works in this country. His finances were not in the best condition, our informant said, although he was busy with his pen; writing regularly, among other periodicals, for DICKENS's 'Household Words.' Now it hardly seems possible that he could be under pay to an editor who was holding him up monthly to the most withering scorn and contempt. We hold the rather, therefore, with our informant, that HAROLD SKIMPOLE must be drawn from some other original than LEIGH HUNT. If *not*, he would be a bold man who should undertake the re-publication of his writings in this country. He has been standing long in the pillory, and is now suspended in chains on a gibbet higher than the gallows of HAMAN.

We have abjured extracts; but we cannot resist the inclination to quote the subjoined touching picture of a devoted young wife to a 'victim of a fatal inheritance' through an English court of chancery:

'ESTHER, my dearest, I want to be a good wife, a very, very good wife indeed. You shall teach me.'

'I teach! I said no more, for I noticed the hand that was fluttering over the keys, and I knew that it was not I who ought to speak; that it was she who had something to say to me.'

'When I married RICHARD, I was not insensible to what was before him. I had been perfectly happy for a long time with you, and I had never known any trouble or anxiety, so loved and cared for; but I understood the danger he was in, dear ESTHER.'

'I know, I know, darling.'

'When we were married, I had some little hope that I might be able to convince him of his mistake; that he might come to regard it in a new way as my husband, and not pursue it all the more desperately for my sake—as he does. But if I had not had that hope, I would have married him just the same, ESTHER. Just the same!'

'In the momentary firmness of the hand that was never still—a firmness inspired by the utterance of these last words, and dying away with them—I saw the confirmation of her earnest tones.'

'You are not to think, my dearest ESTHER, that I fail to see what you see, and fear what you fear. No one can understand him better than I do. The greatest wisdom that ever lived in the world could not know RICHARD better than my love does.'

'She spoke so modestly and softly, and her trembling hand expressed such agitation, as it moved to and fro upon the silent notes! My dear, dear girl!'

'I see him at his worst every day. I watch him in his sleep. I know every change of his face. But when I married RICHARD, I was quite determined, ESTHER, if HEAVEN would help me, never to show him that I grieved for what he did, and so to make him more unhappy. I want him when he comes home to find no trouble in my face. I want him when he looks at me to see what he loved in me. I married him to do this, and this supports me.'

'I felt her trembling more. I waited for what was yet to come, and I now thought I began to know what it was.'

'And something else supports me, ESTHER.'

'She stopped a minute. Stopped speaking only; her hand was still in motion.'

'I look forward a little while, and I don't know what great aid may come to me. When RICHARD turns his eyes upon me then, there may be something lying on my breast more eloquent than I have been, with greater power than mine to show him his true course, and win him back.'

'Her hand stopped now. She clasped me in her arms, and I clasped her in mine.
 "If that little creature should fail too, ESTHER, I still look forward. I look forward a long while, through years and years, and think that then, when I am growing old, or when I am dead, perhaps, a beautiful woman, his daughter, happily married, may be proud of him and a blessing to him. Or that a generous, brave man, as handsome as he used to be, as hopeful, and far more happy, may walk in the sun-shine with him, honoring his gray head, and saying to himself, 'I thank God this is my father! ruined by a fatal inheritance, and restored through me!'

'O my sweet girl, what a heart was that which beat so fast against mine!
 "These hopes uphold me, my dear ESTHER, and I know they will. Though sometimes even they depart from me before a dread that arises when I look at RICHARD!'

'I tried to cheer my darling, and asked her what it was. Sobbing and weeping, she replied:

'That he may not live to see his child — the child who is to do so much!'

'Bleak-House' is here contained in two thick volumes, in the style of 'DOMBEY and Son;' generously illustrated, handsomely printed on good paper, and neatly bound in stamped muslin, of a bright cerulean blue.

UP THE RIVER. By F. W. SHELTON, Author of 'SALANDER and the Dragon,' 'Rector of Saint Bardolph's,' etc. In one volume: pp. 325. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

WE hazard little in predicting that this most charming volume will attain to general and prolonged esteem. Many of the 'Letters' of which it is composed have appeared, month after month, in these pages, and have been every where, and by all readers, admired, for the love of nature, the sweet and gentle spirit, the frequent touches of genial humor, and the true feeling, which pervade and inform them. There are other 'Letters' which our readers have not as yet seen, but they will need no added inducement to secure their perusal in the beautiful volume which contains them. We know of no rising American author whose prose style is more faultless than Mr. SHELTON'S. A scholar, 'ripe and good,' he engrafts upon 'pure English undefiled' the fruits of classic culture. You are never at a loss for his meaning; nor can you take up any one of his sentences, or attentively regard any one of his faithful pictures, without feeling how difficult it would be to change the one for the better, or in any manner to heighten the effect of the other. His readers may always be assured that what he describes he has seen or felt, and for this very reason they will see and feel *with* him. At the risk, perchance, of incurring a charge of egotism, we venture to present the annexed-extract from the '*Prefatory Letter to Louis Gaylord Clark*,' to whom the work is dedicated:

'SIXTEEN years ago, while living near the sea-coast, I was sitting in a parlor on a pleasant summer-morning, sauntering with a lazy eye over a volume of Latin poems, a portion of the delicate *opuscula*, the dexterous handiwork of VINNIUS BOURNE. I remember turning over the snowy pages of that book only because the fact is connected with one of more importance — such is the mysterious principle of association, which makes each petty memory the co-link in a lengthened chain. While engaged in the scansion and interpretation of a Sapphic ode, compacted by VINNIUS with an unimpeachable accuracy and adjustment of its several parts, a person bearing precisely the same name as yours, was announced; when without formality, and with a vigorous start, a friendship commenced, which up to this day has been frank, open, genial, and above disguise; interrupted, it is hoped, by no unpardonable faults, and embittered never by any unkindly suspicions.

'According to the melancholy records of social intercourse, it is a cause of gratulation, as well as a mutual compliment to both, that this fearful lapse of time has not become an impassable chasm, and that we hold the same friendship in good preser-

vation still. Such, it may be predicted, will be the amiable fact, until, if life remains, the dark hair on these worthy crowns shall have become as white as the driven snow, and 'the almond-tree shall flourish.'

'It is not often that a tolerable contact or juxta-position can continue even for a decade of years. Business and the stern perplexities of life interpose their obstacles to a close affinity, and cause the elements which were disposed to coalesce, to fly apart with a centrifugal motion. Thus you may sit at the festive board with a friend, enjoy with him at intervals a day's ramble, or walk with him in a pleasant garden; but in a little time he is at the ends of the earth, the ocean rolls between you, or he has gone to 'that bourne whence no traveller returns.' The mountains rise above the vales to divide friendships as well as countries, and lift their hoary peaks to cut human hearts in twain. In a few years you strain your eyes over a dreary distance, where all which is between you and the horizon appears vacant air.

'As we sometimes turn back after journeying a long distance, to find again some Bantine thicket full of birds, some flowering dell in the mid-wilderness where there was a fountain of sweet waters, so we can but recur to these green spots of the Past, and pluck a faded leaf from memory. The arrowy course of these past years has its mile-stones composed of monuments wreathed about, as the case may be, with the green vines of spring, or with the purple foliage of autumn, or with their white shafts sunken in still whiter snows. The Twin-spirits have been torn asunder, the Poet has ceased his numbers, and the Minstrel his song, and Beauty has perished in its prime, and the noble heart has become cold for ever. In the repose of Greenwood, (the suburbs of a living city,) marked by many a silver lake, and wood-crowned hill, and cultivated garden, we have sometimes stood while the earth opened to swallow up those who were dearest; or pausing at the tomb of one too early lost, have exclaimed almost in the plaintive words of the classic poet:

"Hæu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari
Quam tui meminisse."

'But a tide less deep and dark than that of Styx too often separates the friends who seemed like brothers—the wriggling, shallow stream of selfish policy. Most acquaintances proceed less from knowledge than from the want of it; and with those of deep feeling, an admiration for many, which has been quickly fanned into a flame, becomes changed into a cynical mistrust for all, which poisons the heart at its warm fountain. To advance in all knowledge makes you in love with the pursuit, and instigates you to go farther, except the knowledge of men.

'I recollect upon that pleasant morning when first we met, that we went to walk in the woods, ascending first a hill-top from which a good view could be obtained; and I said to you, in the musical words of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, 'I will conduct you to a hill-side, painful indeed at the first ascent, and steep, but else so smooth, so clear, so full of goodly prospects and of harmonious sounds, that the harp of ORPHEUS is not more charming.' It was the month of June, and the dog-wood was in blossom, and the young bark of the birch and sassafras smelled sweet, and the leaves, just burst from their waxen buds, had a glossy and a tender freshness, and the dells were full of singing-birds, and the year was at its prime. For at the latter end of May, and in early June, when the lingering chills which come from ice-fields have given place to the sweet, warm breath of Summer, and the sun cheers and gilds, without yet scorching with his rays, and the rose blushes at that identical stage of its existence which is betwixt its early budding and its prime, there is a sense of life and freshness which we annually enjoy for a little, and then bid farewell to it, perhaps for ever.

It was at this season, so propitious, that we walked together for the first time, O my friend! talking of those hopes which have scarce yet budded, and of those expectations which have not yet bloomed. Then, all seemed fair and promising, and the thoughts of our heart borrowed their hue from the landscape, for we were in the very spring-time of life.

'A year later, I stood at this same spot alone, and, thinking of you, broke open the seal of that letter which I held in my hand; for I never glance over an expected letter on the side-walk, hastily gobbling its contents; but hold it in reserve for some moment of leisure or fitting place. It was then that I first knew of the death of your twin-brother WILLIS, who has written some of the most heart-felt poetry which was ever penned. You spoke of having started, but of arriving too late to be present at his departure, for when you entered his house that night in Philadelphia, he was dead. I have lost the letter, which was in few words, but remember well the impression which it made upon me; nor do I esteem you less because it may be said of you, '*notus in fratrem animi paterni*,' and because you are ever casting flowers upon his grave.

'Since that first meeting, I have spent many pleasant hours in your company; often sitting at evening and at mid-winter in your cheerful study, where the lights still blazed, while the storm howled without, and the snows fell on the knobbed and bony fingers of the dry *Alanthus*, whose knuckles were held up before your door; looking upon the

fire in the grate, turning over the leaves of costly and freshly-printed books upon your table; examining pictures, reading passages in prose and poetry from classic authors; beguiling the time with anecdote and talk.

'And I have often floated with you on summer-days around the expansive bay which pours its wealth of waters and treasures from every clime into the bosom of our native city. I say 'native,' although neither of us first drew the breath of life within it. But we have been nestled closely upon its great heart, and been nurtured almost within its limits, and our hopes and affections are identified with it, and it is like some beloved Argos to which the eye constantly reverts. Within our own time, from being comparatively small and without architectural adornment, and ranked in an inferior class, it has risen into a magnificent and glorious city, enlarging its borders on every hand, boasting its 'streets of palaces and walks of state;' bearing still, it is true, its provincial name; and although surmounted neither by the dome of the Capitol, nor the monument of WASHINGTON, nor the halls of legislation, in all respects the Metropolis of the Western Continent: and much as I love the country, and the smell of the new-mown hay, my heart still throbs with exultation when I come near enough to hearken to the hum of Manahatta, the clashing of its ship-yards, the breathing of its Vulcanic forges, the clangor of the foundries, the note of preparation, and the sound of 'armorers closing rivets up'—not for the big barbaric men who hold a spear, and whose breasts are coated with overlapping plates, but massive coatings of the hot and steaming lungs of iron-horses, and for the sheathing of the ships: for bolts, and bands, and bars, to envelop the very sinews of the arm of PEACE. Oh, how much superior to man are the phisic powers, which he controls as with a tyrant's sway! Yes, I am proud of that city which rises up superbly out of the deep, and in which Commerce glories as her own. *Hic arma, hic curvus*. When I see the pictured and beaded Indians listlessly and moodily still wending their way through its streets, the same children of Nature which they were when the keel of HENDRIK HUDSON first clove these waves; advanced not one jot farther in civilization, except that the scalping-knife is of necessity sheathed, and the tomahawk is buried; bearing their fictile wares and barked manufactures, and needle-work, and rattling baubles about their necks, and bringing back at a single glance the memory of the barbaric Past, and then turn to the spectacle around me, I ask myself, 'Is all this the illusion of the fancy? Is what I see the effect of magic and the doings of Genii, or is it rather that I am standing upon the last vantage-ground of the human race, where the dead are quickened, and a resurrection is taking place, and society, sloughing off its old prejudices, is at last bursting its shackles and swathing-bands, and with gigantic strength is coming forth to a better life, to a more exalted freedom, and to a higher civilization?'

'And I have often floated with you on a summer-evening up the River, walking the decks of a gorgeous palace, or perched high up at the extreme bow in a privileged position near the good man at the wheel-house; and while the sun sank low, and gilt the western skies with an Italian splendor, and with a warm and lingering glow, we shot by the lovely coasts, and enjoyed, in all its variegated lights and shades, the changes of that unfolding panorama. What though the day were sultry, and no breath of air was stirring on the shores, yet here the prow dashed through the strong exhilarating breeze, while on the green and sloping banks we saw the lambs strolling, their backs clothed with Spanish fleeces, and the kine reclining in easy attitudes on those rounded knolls and hill-tops which resemble the tomb of the Old Bianor. And presently we glided past the base of that most massive, solid wall of perpendicular rocks, extending on the left for miles and miles, more marvellous than the Giant's Causeway, yet seemingly the work of men, built up as if by line and plummet for the circumvallation of some immense city, with the summit of the wall all evenly cut in a direct and horizontal line, as if done by a chisel. Still, as we pass by, the work appears too great for men, or even giants. Some convulsion of Nature must have wrenched open the lion-like jaws, and while on the one side they remain solid and petrified, on the other they are crumbled away and gone. In their height and length, these walls make a mere mock at the mud-work and masonry of man. The forests at their base, as you sail onward in the middle of the stream, look like an irregular green stripe on a basement of perpendicular cliffs, and the great parallel splits or projections on their sides have the appearance of pilasters, and the vines and foliage on the top hang over like light leaves of ornamental acanthus. I have never seen the walls which upheave majestic domes, which have been built by ANGLO and others, but I know that they cannot equal the Palisades.

'What an infinite variety of landscape is presented to the eye as you pass up the River! Although you see no castles, like those which are on the brink of the Rhine, yet in all their towering and natural grandeur the cliffs shoot up on which the castles ought to be; and whether the fogs wreath their summits, or they stand clear and well-defined in an amber atmosphere, the eye never tires of enjoyment. I have sometimes sat with you by the hour on a star-lit summer-evening, on the roof of your house on the high hill at Piermont, looking over the broad basin of the Tappan Zee. Nearly opposite, nestled among the trees, is the quaint and modest house of WASHINGTON IRVING;

illustrious historian, most chaste and charming writer of English undefiled, holding possession undisputed of his native patrimony of wit and humor, bounded by smiles and tears. Long may he live upon the banks of that River whose legends are blended with his undying fame, and whose tide is not more sparkling and full of pleasant images than his transparent style!

'I now dedicate to you, my dear C —, a volume which, however simple in its contents, and in the class of subjects of which it treats, has, during the last twelve months, cost me many hours of pleasant pains and patient elaboration, and a large part of it has already passed before an eye perhaps too partial to the author. But although it is brought to an end for the present, I have not been able to include within its moderate compass one half of the topics and little adventures which are noted down in my tablets, my ivory tablets. These contain hints written in pencil, sometimes under a spreading tree, sometimes on the bank of a sparkling stream, or in a meadow, but cannot be deciphered; and again, when Memory has been intrusted with something worthy of preservation, she has turned traitor.

'And now farewell. Already the frosts have whitened the ground. Perhaps before another spring returns to strew the earth with flowers, and the voice of singing-birds is heard again, I shall tempt the billows of the deep; touch for the first time the shores of merry England; stand by the grave of SHAKESPEARE, the banks of Avon, and of Ridal Water. May the voyage be prosperous, the exploration pleasant, and the return speedy; for methinks that no anticipations can be clad in warmer hues than those experiences which are now to be accounted only memories; and the attractions which may be found abroad can ill wean one from the home of his fathers, and the love of native land.'

It is with pride and pleasure that we record these thoughts and feelings of a friend who, more nearly than any other, has filled the place of the 'twin-spirit' of whom he so touchingly speaks. In his keen perception, his love of refined humor, his power over the pathetic, his daguerreotype-faithfulness of limning, Mr. SHELTON, as we have often heard it remarked, bears a very striking resemblance to 'OLLAPOD.' Well do we remember all the incidents and the scenery to which, in the foregoing, our friend alludes. It is but the rolling back of the slow-moving panorama of the past. Right glad are we to find the volume before us closing with a parting epistle to RICHARD HAYWARDE, author of that delightful book, '*Prismatics*.' Happy are we to have been the medium of bringing these two genial and kindred spirits together: happy have we three been — *tria juncta in uno* — in the frequent interchange and intercommunion of thoughts, of fancies, and of feelings, in each other's sanctums, in town and in country; and long and late may it be before it shall be said, that 'One has been taken, and the others left!'

We should be doing imperfect justice to the beautiful book under notice, if we did not render ample praise to its publisher; himself an accomplished judge, as well of the intellectual quality of a work as of the manner in which it should make its first bow to that 'many-headed monster,' the PUBLIC. The volume is beautifully executed; and its pictorial designs, which, although mainly small, are numerous and effective, are admirably engraved. In brief, '*Up the River*,' as we have said, cannot fail to command a wide and continuous sale. It has, externally and internally, the true elements of popularity. It is a pleasure to have such a book in one's hand, or upon one's table. Its little pictures, so full of character, divert the eye, and you dally with them before commencing the new delight of a new chapter. They are from the capable pencil of MUMBERGER, and are thirty-six in number. After all, say what we will, no book can come before the public in a slovenly garb, and hope to be esteemed, any more than a person who is forgetful or regardless of a decent personal appearance can expect to be welcomed in 'good society;' and this our publishers have found out.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'Up the River, October 8.

'If there is any thing fraught with abundant vexation to the traveller, whether by coach, by rail, by steam-boat, or balloon, it is a watch which does not keep good time, or, if the chronometer is right to the fraction of a second, and the very master-piece of the maker, in not regulating your motions by it when starting upon a journey. If you are just married, and have put your wife on board of a steam-boat, by no means take advantage of five spare minutes to step ashore to buy a newspaper, a guide-book, or an orange. By such folly I have known the parties separated when scarce united, and the paper when bought no better than a 'writing of divorcement.' Oh, how flat that man felt when he saw the wheels in revolution, and his bride's waving handkerchief, while with ridiculous energy of gesture he called upon the boat to come back. But it would require a vote of all the passengers; and before that could be done, and the committee report, the friendless young widow was half way to Tarrytown. Even there was small tarry; and when the censurable individual returned to his friends, and was asked where his wife was, he replied that circumstances favored the supposition that she was ere that in Albany. From that day to this he has a sore point on which it will not do to vex him inordinately, or he will cut your acquaintance. Until the joke got so old as to become stale, he was a laughing-stock. My grand-father, who was a man of some precision, one day, when ferry-boats were carried by horse-power, made a mistake in consequence of his watch running down. He arrived two seconds behind time. But my grand-father was so desperate at his disgrace from the want of punctuality, that he made a spring and plunged over head and ears into the river. He was taken ashore to the tavern in a most outrageous passion, where he filled his WELLINGTON boots with brandy, was carried home, and went to bed; and from that time until the day he died, no man must hint of his misfortune. I could relate a great many instances of the kind which have fallen under my own observation. In fact, it is a chief source of amusement to me in travelling to be always on deck when a boat is about to start, in order to enjoy the discomfiture of the late-comers, and take a lesson in punctuality. There is a malicious enjoyment in such things. ROCHEFOUCAULT, I think, among his other wise sayings, which

denote a profound knowledge of human nature, says, in effect, that there is no mishap befalling even our best friends which does not afford us a secret pleasure. Alas! how true this is! and what a pity it is true! To those who stand on safe ground, I am afraid that there is a sense of exultation, even in the distressing calamities of others. The principle of this satisfaction is no doubt in the sense of superiority, arising from the consciousness of personal safety. It is the aristocracy of selfishness. At a mere slip or slight accident it may be justifiable to laugh a little; and one chief source of fun would be totally removed if it were not for the folly of others.

'I recollect that one day, having crossed on the Brooklyn ferry-boat, I was standing on the platform of one of the Long-Island cars as the whole train slowly moved up the gradual slope. This was before the tunnel was made under the street. One of your behind-time men, arriving in the next boat, undertook to *over-take* the cars; and he had just reached them when an impetus was acquired on the level ground, and he missed his object by a few feet. He was in a passion; but, to make the best of it, he turned about and ran down hill at the top of his speed in order to take passage on the returning boat, and I had the pleasure of seeing him arrive a *little after* it shoved off. The pursuit of knowledge is agreeable, and the lesson not less palatable, when the example is before your eyes. With enhanced gratification did I feel myself carried rapidly along, and reflected how much better off I was than that man, and all because I had been punctual to the minute. It is true that some moments of tedium had been endured, but these were now amply atoned for.

'A friend of mine who has a house at Piermont is always dilatory, although in fact an always-busy man. When he arrives within a hundred yards of the wharf, he pauses, and makes a solemn adjuration that the boat is just off. He then takes out his watch, declares that he is within time, and after searching and finding the agent, gives vent to his indignation, and is sometimes almost abusive. At last, he turns round and says:

'It is of no consequence; we will wait till six o'clock and take the 'ERIE.' There are only two or three hours till then, and in the mean time we will look at these emigrants. (They had come from Basle, in Switzerland, and were on their way to Chicago.) We will take a seat on the deck, and see them have their chests weighed, and re-pack their feather-beds and brass-kettles, jugs and cheeses, shovels and tongs, in those large hogsheads, and barter for ship-bread and Bologna sausages. They are a perfect study.'

'Yes, but,' said I, 'we shall arrive at Piermont late in the evening, and must walk a mile on the rail-road track, and I am *principled* against it. No consideration will induce me, to walk upon the rails.'

'Not at all,' replies he. 'There is always a car going, and we will have it all to ourselves.'

'So I foolishly go with him, and we arrive at ten o'clock at night, and few stars shining. A narrow pier is built a mile out in the river, covered with a net-work of rails, having various 'turn-outs,' along which we are at last necessitated to walk.

'Oh!' says he, 'I see you're a coward. Don't be nervous; there is not a single train to pass until to-morrow morning.'

'I am not a coward,' I replied; 'I am only *principled* against the thing.'

'So we start off, and after walking half a mile, we hear a puffing and blowing, the scream of a whistle, and the rumbling wheels of one of those locomotive Juggernauts in whose path so many pilgrims have fallen a sacrifice to improvement—heathen god! Shall we turn to the right or the left? A rail-road track is the last place for calm reflection, when the horrid engine is thundering on. So we act without reflection, and bungle out of the way by the best instinct that we have. We are scarcely down among the bull-rushes, when the whole train is gone with a broad sweep of light, and a comet-like glare of stars. Well, now, a man ought to get on his knees for such an escape before he leaves the ground, and build a monument on the rock where he stands, to signalize his preservation. But I did not perceive in this Piermont friend those symptoms of gratitude which he ought to have; and he reproached me with being a coward, which, under the circumstances, was an insult. It is very hard to be compelled, in spite of your teeth, to act against conviction, especially when you are *principled* against a thing.

'But I have to record another experience of my own which occurred last Saturday night; a bitter experience, withal, because purchased by neglect, and paid for dearly. I was to leave town by the four o'clock Hudson River train, which can be relied on as much as any train in these desperate times, when butchers make the most money. My carpet-bag was well packed. The little packages of books, and pamphlets, and stores, which it is so hard to keep together in order to leave nothing behind, were all stowed away in one place, when, with a clear margin of two hours, I sat down to take a leisurely and comfortable dinner with this very Piermont man, who had likewise the same margin of time to spare. I was hungry from having been all the morning on my feet, and appetite was enhanced by the thought that there was no hurry; that one hour and a half could be allowed for the consumption of the plain and good dinner which was to come, and a half hour would more than suffice for a slow walk to the place of departure. Never was calculation more ill-founded. When the time was up, Piermont dallied and coaxed, and said that there was no satisfaction in dining in such fashion. He was, moreover, in the midst of a narrative which could not be broken off, as there was no prospect of its being again resumed. He stated that the six o'clock train would arrive at our destination in ample time; and so in an evil moment we agreed to put up watches, and to take possession forcibly of the two coming hours which we could call our own. That they were pleasant hours in the passing is testified by the memory of them, which loiters fragrantly still; that they were not unprofitable, I am sure, because the attrition of minds is good; but that it was proper or judicious to have *knicked* them out of the time which was already plotted, I am not satisfied, because the penalty showed clearly that an error had been made. And never, I hope, will I be caught again violating a preconceived and well-laid-out plan of duty for the pleasure of an hour, though a bushel of roses are to be strewed in the way. I intend to be principled against the thing.

'At six o'clock, I was seated in a comfortable car with fifty other individuals, although the remainder of the cars were empty, being devoted on their

return to the transportation of cattle. We jogged on slowly, but surely, and I felt gratified, after a while, that I had not sacrificed the comfortable sitting with a friend, to a hasty, and perhaps dangerous journey, for the mere sake of getting home an hour or two sooner. After that I enjoyed the scenery of the river, and then proceeded to read the last edition of the *'Evening Mirror'* and *'Express,'* which I always tuck into my pocket on an afternoon, to beguile the way. After awhile, I slumbered sweetly for a little, having a strong command of myself, however, for fear of being carried beyond the mark; and so we arrived at a place called Cold-Spring, on the Hudson, within seven miles of the point of my destination. I then looked at my watch, and found the hour to be ten o'clock, and in ten minutes more I should get out. This was not a late hour. When you have been absent from your family a week, your arrival is always enhanced by being a little detained. But at this place called Cold-Spring, romantically indeed situated, abounding in pleasant reminiscences, we came to a dead pause for four mortal hours! The first hour passed glibly enough. Every moment was one of expectation, but at the end of that time, 'hope deferred made the heart sick.' It grew chilly. The passengers sat mum; the steam simmered; the lights glared up and down the track; the whole massive train seemed to be fixed and immovable for ever by its dead weight. Again, as HALLECK has it:

'An hour passed on,'

and not one symptom of locomotion. Wives leaned on the shoulders of their husbands, and closed their eyes in silent despair. The clergyman who sat opposite to me (he had been attending the Convention) bowed his head upon his breast, and seemed to be 'improving the time,' and trying to excogitate something for the next Sunday. The tall man got up and yawned, and relapsed again in his seat. A few groaned. Others snored. Then the voice of feminine complaining was heard, and the wail of a child. The conductor walked through the car, but he was silent. He merely arranged the dusky lights. A rail-road-car is not like an omnibus, except that it is equally full of people. In the first, you do not sit face to face, so that you may study character; or, if faces are blank, may look out on the crowded street, where there is plenty to engage the attention when you happen to come to a halt, where the Russ or Perrine pavement is 'being' made; but here you are packed like herring, and can see nothing but side-faces or backs. At night, the effect of the assembly is solemn in the extreme. It reminds you of that sepulchre in Malta, I think, where the dead people are all sitting with their clothes on, stark and stiff, with horrible etiquette. Toward midnight they began to kindle a fire in the stove, which soon made the air oppressive; and I then went into the open night and walked upon the platform. The clock upon the church struck twelve. Imagine a mid-night at Cold-Spring in that interesting part of the place, which is at the rail-road dépôt, with the lights from an oyster-saloon illuminating your path, and your ear entertained with the perpetual cracking of oysters. Every now and then you heard the choral laugh of those who were enjoying stews, or with a gurgling deglutition sucking down the peppered bivalves, whose hearts had been just cut from the pearly ribs, raw. There are some very delightful country-seats on the hill-

tops in this vicinity; and to walk through their gardens, groves, graperies, and arbors, on a pleasant day, would repay a longer journey; but the dépôt at mid-night is the least interesting part of the town.

‘ ‘T was on a Sunday morning,’

as Mademoiselle ANNA ZERR sings, when we still stood, reluctantly profaning that portion of time which should have been devoted to rest. A great deal is said of ‘platforms’ lately in the public prints. But the term is figurative, and applies merely to political or religious standing-spots, where belligerents, who have been separated as far as the poles, may be huddled together amicably, like two affectionate bears, cheek by jowl. But a rail-road platform, when the cars have come to a halt, is the most comprehensive spot I ever stood on, including men from all parts, and of every opinion, all cemented together for the time by the profoundest sympathy, and vieing together in a Job’s patience. One o’clock now struck from the tower, clearly and lucidly on the night-air, and various humorists, who had hitherto modestly concealed their wit, began to scintillate. O blessed spirit of good-humor! potent for good in the dark hours! light which ought not to be hid under a bushel! One said that the express-train must approach at the expiration of an hour, and after that had passed, the ‘milk-train’ still had the right of way, and the milk was fast collecting a surface of thick cream. A rich joke! productive of loud laughter at Cold-Spring! The hour expired, like all other hours, silently, when lo! a rumbling thunder was heard in the distance, and the cry resounded, ‘All hands aboard!’ and there was a great running and scrambling, and every man sat upright in his seat. Expectation was at its height; and in a moment more, the great Juggernaut, forged by the mighty VULCAN of Science, rolled along invincibly, belching forth flames and smoke. Then came in the running agent, pale as ashes, and related to a crowd of eager by-standers the catastrophe. The smash at Tivoli exceeded every thing he had yet seen. In describing the efforts of the engineer to avoid the collision, he made use of technical terms as many as are applied to a navigable boat, all having reference to tacking and backing, stopping off steam, putting on the ‘breaks,’ ‘turn-outs,’ and switches. Then it was eagerly asked if any body had been killed, and he replied, ‘not out-right,’ but he thought that the engineer was dead by this time. Was not this enough to mollify the wrath of those who had suffered from detention, to think that there were greater sufferers?—that wives had been made widows, and children fatherless? In hours of tedium and inconvenience, who knows the vantage-ground he stands on? A rail-road platform is a least a safe place, if you keep off the track.

‘At half past two o’clock, we arrived at the celebrated town of Fishkill, so called from the great draughts of shad and herring which are made in the spring-time. Here, by hard pulling at the bell, I aroused the hostler of the hotel from his ambrosial slumbers, who, with the most obliging disposition, consented to harness an active pony who was in the stable; and as the moon was up, and the plank-road in good order, we were in a short time trotting along; and I reached my *country-seat* at the hour of half past three, and proceeded to eat some bread-and-butter. *Sic me servavit Apollo.*’ F. W. S.

MR. BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR'S NEW BOOK. — We announced briefly in our last number the passing through the press of Mr. TAYLOR'S new sketch-book, entitled *'January and June, or Out-Door Thinkings and Fire-Side Musings.'* Since then, we have read a goodly number of the stereotype proof-sheets, and are prepared to speak somewhat more 'by the card' concerning the work. Its title very well expresses the character of its themes: minute pictures of nature at different seasons of the year, with the thoughts and reflections, now serious and now light, which arise in a reflective and sensitive mind, in the glare of day, in the solemn gloaming, or the 'melancholy night.' In the first place, we have to remark of the book, that it has superfluous imagination enough in it to set up a score of modern essayists. It is full of beauties, and some detractive defects, chief among which we regard the affluence of the writer's imagination, and the redundancy of his comparisons. While one is meditating upon a beautiful thought, or a felicitous simile, as he reads on, he finds 'the same subject continued' unduly, and its exposition weakened by a profusion of metaphors. 'It is an idle fancy of some,' says an astute and profound American critic, 'to run out perpetually upon similitudes, confounding their subject by the multitude of likenesses, and making it like so many things, that it is like nothing at all.' It is to the avoidance of a tendency so mischievous, that we would counsel a young and imaginative writer, like Mr. TAYLOR. We are but little of a phrenologist, nor do we remember to have remarked any thing strikingly particular in the appearance of our friend TAYLOR'S head, save that the 'form' was full, and the shape finely symmetrical; but the next time we have the pleasure to meet him in the sanctum—and a great pleasure it will be—we shall venture to crave permission to 'feel of his organs;' and if we do not find the probulgence of 'comparison' preëminently developed, our small faith in the science of 'Bumpology' will be 'clean gone for ever.' He absolutely beggars the writer who may essay to follow after him upon the same theme, and throws future description upon the parish. Yet this, after all, is but 'the embarrassment of riches.' The *original* thought is there, malgré all its circumvolutions and attenuation. But pending a more elaborate notice of the book, when it shall have appeared, we ask attention to an extract, which embodies the beauties, as well as the affluence of imagery and redundancy of metaphor, of which we have spoken:

'THE pulses of great NATURE never beat more audibly and musically than just about 'the leafy month of June:' life, every where life, in field and flood, in earth, and air, and sky. Life in all forms: life with a sweet breath in it; life with a song in it; life with a *light* in it. Life tied up in little bags of most Quakerish-looking silk, by that sly spinner, the spider; life done up in gray bundles, and hung upon apple-trees; deposited in little brown paper-cups, or packed away in little clay-cells, by gentry in yellow-jackets, and gentry with delicate waists, whose only foible consists in their not being, always and altogether, like Job and Moses; life hidden in the hearts of ripening plums and reddening cherries—find a sweeter cradle any where, if you can—life rocked in shells, put up in mother-of-pearl, set in ivory, chased with gold, consigned to little graves every where; laid away in 'Patent Burial-Cases'—just where Fisk got the idea—and fastened to rails and fence-posts; life that, by and by, shall spread wings damp with the imprint of this great Stereotyping-Establishment of the ALMIGHTY; life

standing 'on end,' in little boats, and rising into the air, taking to bugle-ing as soon as it is born, and evincing, by the presentation of 'bills' at most unseasonable and unreasonable hours, a decided talent for letter-literature; life sheltering itself beneath the leathern umbrella of the mushroom, revelling in the rose's red heart, drilled into the solid rock, domiciled in mud-hovels, along rafters and beneath eaves, 'playing in the plighted clouds,' 'laid' in a manger, peeping from holes, floating in the air, swinging in the wind, skulking under the chips, burrowing in the earth, darting along rail-fences, opening nankeen throats from little baskets of twigs, floating in tatters of green baize on the ponds, advocating SOLOMON on birch, 'poor WILL.' talking Greek, '*Brekekeké koox koox,*' and practising hydropathy, '*W'chug*'; life in bags and boxes, bundles and blankets; in silks, satins, and shells, in 'tights,' and flouncies, and feathers and flannels; life full-dressed and in dishabille; life knocking from the centre of fallen logs; knocking from the other side of shells white and blue, and mottled and dappled; and June is

'The delegated voice of God.'

to bid them 'come in, come up, come down, come out,' and *be*, and do, and suffer; conjugating and inflecting the great active verb — 'LIVE.'

'Turn over the loam in the fields, and you turn out turtle's-eggs by the score. Go 'across-lots' to the neighbor's, and you find the pearly treasures of the whistling quail by the dozen. Tap a sand-hill lightly, with the toe of your boot, and you will see the ladies to whom SOLOMON referred sluggards, by the myriad. Shake a bush, and you shake out a bird, or a 'peep,' or a bug, or a bud, or something that's 'all alive.' Pluck a leaf, and you may find on it a crystal drop, such as one might dream QUEEN MAB would shed if 'in the melting mood;' but the sun shall 'set' on it a few days, and out will come a thing all legs, or wings, or stings — something to hum or drum — to fly, or creep, or crawl; something to *be* something and some body, and count just as many in the great census of Creation, as he who called the shades of Ashland his, or she who journeyed, of old, to see SOLOMON — count just as many, 'in words and figures following, to wit: (1) *one*.'

Now here is an inventory of 'lively' objects, whose habitudes would form the subject-matter of a volume, dashed off in the compass of a brief paragraph. Now we contend that something should always be left to the reader; that *his* thoughts should not be exhausted; that *he* has a right to recollect a bug, or an ant, or a frog, or a 'thing of life,' and so render his author *suggestive* as well as observant. But glance at this bright 'picture-in-little' of an American mocking-bird:

'A GENTLEMAN in a suit of sober brown pays daily *devoirs* and devours to a cherry-tree near the house. Taking one or two of the ripened rubies, (dainty fellow that he is,) he sits and amuses himself by the hour, echoing the various notes that are uttered around him. He is a decided ROBIN, a querulous CAT-BIRD, a veritable THRUSH, and a positive GOLDFINCH, by turns; and sometimes, as if a hand-organ should go crazy, and play all its tunes at once, he gives them all together. The northern MOCKING-BIRD is a 'character,' although he has none of his own, and never was known to utter an original idea upon music in his life. He has many relatives who never wear feathers except in hats and bonnets, and whose chief merit is that of a blank wall, saying nothing of themselves, but giving back imperfectly the utterances of others.

'This worthy in October brown is not a bachelor, as one might surmise by his freedom from care, and light merry air, but a very respectable Benedict. His family, three members — one died in shell-dom — reside in a little oak-tree across the road, and are nearly ready to leave the old homestead, and 'do for themselves.' What a medley of Sparrows and Quails, of Blue-Jay and Robin, lies within the circumference of that little nest! — and they are all 'Our Folks.'

Observe also, if you please, the subjoined account of the manner in which

a beautiful lake, in the neighborhood of the flourishing city of Chicago, and the green garden of prairie which environs it on one side, happened to come there :

‘Do you see that glitter between the trees? It’s a magnificent trinket, of which NATURE has left a number hereabouts. It’s a mirror; and how it came here, and all about it, is, as nearly as any body knows, in this wise: Some day or other, NATURE made her toilet here, preparatory to going out upon the prairies; and while she was arranging her hair, putting on her flowered sandals, and letting down her brodered skirts, that she had gathered up as she crossed the Alleghanies, she caught a glimpse of the prairie she had come to smile on, and forgot she was in dishabille, and left her ‘things’—mirrors, and flounces, and furbelows, and all—scattered about, and never thought of them again, for away she tripped and smiled.

‘Well, that glitter you see, is one of the ‘aids to reflection’ which she threw aside as she ran, and it was shattered into ever so many beautiful fragments, and among them is PINE LAKE, where, ‘an’ you will,’ we are at this very instant. It’s a sunny day; we, upon the margin of the lake; the water, crystal; you, looking down.’

These passages, it may be hoped, will convey to the reader some idea of the ‘matter-full’ character of Mr. TAYLOR’S book, and doubtless stimulate many to compass its perusal, when it shall appear authoritatively, and ‘in books’ clothing.’

HUDSON RIVER RAIL-ROAD EXCURSION. — It is but little over twenty years since the commencement of the rail-road enterprise. Like most new undertakings, it was attended with loss to those who first engaged in it. Many of the disadvantages incident to new beginnings have been overcome by the improvements suggested by experience. The South-Carolina rail-road from Charleston to Augusta, one of the first built in this country, was completed in 1832. On this, as on all other roads at that time, the flat rail only was used, and in many places on this line the bed of the road was placed upon piles, from twenty to thirty feet from the ground. The many improvements made since that period are too well known to require mention. Although there are now thousands of miles of rail-roads in successful operation in this and other countries, we are yet only in the infancy of our rail-road enterprise. These iron bands are yet to span a continent, to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific, and to bring a market to the door of every farmer and manufacturer in the land. They will do more than all political inventions to unite these thirty-one independent States in a permanent bond of union. These iron bands will be to the body politic what the arteries and veins are to the human body, permeating and giving life and vigor to the whole.

Perhaps no association has done or is doing more to make improvements which secure the comfort and safety of rail-road travellers than the Hudson River Rail-road Company. Having to compete with the noblest river in the world, they have from the beginning been compelled to study how to attain the highest possible speed at the lowest possible price. The time from New-York to Albany has been reduced more than half, and is to be lessened still more. At the present rate of travel on this road, one could go to New-Orleans in less than forty hours! It is proved by actual experiment that this high speed is quite as safe, if not safer, than a slower rate. The Hudson

River company has lately put on this road some of the most sumptuous railroad carriages ever made. These cars are divided by a hall running on one side, which has doors opening into four apartments; each furnished with a sofa, Brussels carpet, arm-chairs, a looking-glass, with beautiful paintings adorning the panels. A party of eight or ten can take one of these rooms, and be free from all interruption while they are conveyed from New-York to Albany. How pleasant for a wedding or family-party to journey thus from New-York to Niagara Falls or Chicago!

One of the last improvements attempted is an invention of Mr. SALISBURY (who is connected with this road) to secure travellers from the annoyance of dust. We find the plan so well described in the '*Daily Times*,' in its account of a late excursion, designed to give the members of the metropolitan press an opportunity to witness the experiment, that we copy it, with a brief synopsis of the proceedings, regretting that our engagements were such that we could not be one of the party:

'As regards the laying of the dust, the plan is this: instead of the wheels being exposed, as heretofore, and, as a matter of consequence, sending the dust flying up in every direction, through the windows of the cars, they will be side-flanked close down to the rails upon which they run. The dust will, by this means, after being raised by the motion of the wheels, be carried behind, and thus quietly and innocently drafted out at the back of the carriage, while the flanking-timbers, being hung on hinges, can be easily raised at any time, when it is necessary to examine the machinery. So far for the dust. The same contrivance will tend to partially keep in the noise; but when to this is added the plan of having at the bottom of the carriages a hollow floor, filled with tan, saw-dust, or some other non-conductor, there will be such a pleasant silence that the softest-toned lover may whisper tender passages with as much ease as though he were in the lady's boudoir. The smoke nuisance—the last plague—will be abated, by a pipe being carried from the engine-chimney under the carriages, so that his smokeship will be carried off at the same time with the dust.'

We should be glad, did our limits permit, to give a detailed account of the excursion, and especially of the proceedings at the banquet given on the occasion at Peekskill; but as these appeared at length in the daily journals, the majority of our readers will perhaps have already perused an account of them. We cannot resist the inclination, however, to express our admiration of the manner in which the chairman, Professor MASON, discharged his duties, and to quote a passage from the unpremeditated but excellent speech which he made on the occasion, in responding to a toast in his honor:

'He called attention to the fact that thirty years ago Bloomingdale was deemed the outside-limit for persons connected with business-employments in New-York; now they were met in a suburb nearer to that city, although literally speaking they were forty miles from it. [*Cheers.*] And what had it been that had brought about this change? Simply what was deemed one of the most dare-devil undertakings that was ever set on foot in the city of New-York. [*Hear.*] After alluding to the history and career of the Hudson River Rail-road, he declared it to have been a great benefaction to the commonwealth. The country around where they were now standing, no longer formed part of Westchester county; it was, no longer neighbor to the men behind, but to the men along-side the city of New-York, of which it would be within fifty minutes' ride. He was aware that it was not so now, but he would hazard his skill at guessing against any one's else that it would be so. The powers of the Hudson River Rail-road Company were not yet developed; but the time was rapidly coming, when each of the towns on its line would have its own peculiar express, which could make no stops going in the morning and returning in the evening, and then the result would be that Peekskill would be within fifty minutes of New-York—[*cheers*]—Sing-Sing within thirty-eight, and the other towns still nearer. [*Hear.*] The Hudson River Rail-road was organized on entirely different principles from every other: namely, low fares and high speed: and the man who formerly went by boat to Albany, could no longer afford to do so, for the difference of time between the two modes of conveyance would more than make up any difference of fare. [*Cheers.*] Rail-roads were the great means of developing the resources of the country. It was a statistical fact that wheat carried in wagons along the high-road, exhausted its value after being carried one hundred and eighty miles, while corn could be carried by rail-way from Wisconsin, and lose only ten per cent. of its value. [*Loud cheers.*] The chairman concluded by farther calling attention to the great improvements effected by rail-roads in the country in general, but New-York in particular, and by expressing his hope that they would yet journey in two hours to Albany.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—FROM a pleasant gossiping epistle of a legal friend in Indiana we take the following amusing passages :

'In the intervals of leisure afforded in one's office, a good story is occasionally brought to notice, or an old one occurs, that affords a laugh hearty enough to be shared by others. In talking some time ago with a friend about the usage in the Methodist Church in taking members upon trial for six months, he related an incident that presents an entirely novel view of this feature of ecclesiastical polity.

'An Irishman, in time of a revival, had joined that church. Some time afterward, a piously-inclined person was exhorting him on the subject of religion, when PAR indignantly answered :

' 'Sure, an' didn't I jine the Met'odists? Faix, and I did. I jined for six months, and behaved myself so well, *they let me off woid t'ree!*'

'My thoughts often recur to a neighborhood where, in days when the country was new, and the people unsophisticated, religious worship was a very different thing from what it is now. Where sincerity and simplicity existed, what matter if a touch of awkwardness or ignorance *did* sometimes raise a laugh? The laugh did no harm, and the religion was none the worse. Among the traditions of that day is one of a good old brother who officiated occasionally at 'blowing and striking,' and who was trusted frequently with the office of concluding the exercises. He had heard the presiding elder, with more than usual ceremony, precede the benediction by requesting the congregation to sing the Doxology. Brother A——, with equal solemnity, occasioned among his hearers a bursting of buttons and hooks-and-eyes that would have done honor to PEGGOTY, by announcing that they would 'sing the *Sockdologer*, and then dismiss.' An actual fact, I do assure you.

'The politicians occasionally say a good thing. I fear stump-oratory, at its best estate, is altogether vanity; an immeasurable waste — 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' The stray sun-beam of wit or humor is all the more attractive in so melancholy a desert. I have often thought of a shot from TOM WALPOLE'S bow, that transfixed ABE HAMMOND. Both were candidates for the State Senate. WALPOLE, an old stager, cunning as a fox, a good speaker, and thoroughly acquainted with the people; HAMMOND, a man of talents, but a novice in the field. After a period spent in the ordinary process of electioneering, a meeting was held at the county-town, where all the candidates were to appear and make speeches. HAMMOND had satisfied himself that he was pursuing a 'cold trail,' and in his turn to speak, told the sovereign public that he had been a candidate nine days, and having convinced himself that all efforts to succeed must prove abortive, he had determined to retire from the canvass; and accordingly, to use our western phrase, he 'flummuxed.' The temptation to WALPOLE was irresistible: 'Yes, fellow-citizens,' said he, 'you all know it takes a puppy just nine days to get his eyes open!'

'TOM MARSHALL did nearly as well when PILCHER was haranguing about '*his* father having been a poor man,' '*his* father was a cooper,' and more of that sort of thing. MARSHALL said he would admit the gentleman's father was a poor man; perhaps he had been a cooper, but if he was, (pointing to PILCHER,) he had put a mighty *poor* head to one of his whiskey-barrels!'

The incident, in the foregoing, of the politician 'backing out' from the canvass, reminds us forcibly of a story recently told us by a clerical friend, which struck us at the time as being 'too good to be lost.' A reverend brother, in a 'down-east' State, was brought up before an ecclesiastical council, to answer certain grave charges of immoral and unchristian practices. He assumed an air of indignation and 'injured innocence' at the allegation, and went personally to all his friends in the parish, inviting them to come to his trial, and see for themselves how virtue could triumph over malignant persecution. The day of trial at length came. The church was crowded,

and the examination of witnesses began. As the cause advanced, fact after fact, of the most damning character, was brought out in the testimony; and when the whole evidence was in, the defendant rose and said: 'I confess that the character of the testimony adduced on this trial, as it has advanced, has somewhat staggered me in the belief of my innocence; and now that it is summed up, I have come to the conclusion that *I have been mistaken!* And on the whole, I think you would be doing but simple justice in turning me out of the church—and you can *do* it as soon as you please!' Now this strikes us as somewhat 'cool!' - - - THE ensuing lines would scarcely be deemed to be the production of a young girl of tender years, but such is the fact. They would have appeared earlier, but were accidentally mislaid:

' M Y A N G E L . '

'Now, when all is hushed and tranquil, on this quiet eve of summer;
When the busy thoughts of day-light yield to night's serene control;
When the birds have ceased their singing, and the breezes gently murmur,
And the glorious stars of even shed their light into my soul:

'In this hour of earnest longing, when our thoughts are heaven-ward reaching,
And the angels hover round us, gleaning every prayer sincere,
I will tell thee, love, a secret: how I learned their silent teaching,
And of one pure angel-spirit, once a sister to me here.

'She was passing fair when with us, holy love her face adorning;
Gentle — ah! so gentle was she, as if earth were not her place:
In her dreams she talked of angels, and seemed fresh from heaven each morning,
While the fingerings of her visions shed their brightness o'er her face.

'Oh! how earnestly I loved her! — how I guarded her from danger,
Proud that such a beauteous being should be given to my care:
Thus we passed the days together: but, alas! I was a stranger
To the pure and heavenly spirit dwelling in that temple fair.

'As we wandered through the valleys, I would bring the freshest roses,
And she gathered well the meaning that their balmy breath expressed:
As within a kindred influence every soul in peace reposes,
So in beauty, grace, and fragrance, did she find her sweetest rest.

'And her homage rose to heaven with the perfume of the daisies,
While her joys, she said, descended like the dew-drops from the sky:
But as yet, uncomprehended were alike her joys and praises;
So I answered but in lightness, understanding not her sigh.

'Oh! how bitterly I mourned her, as I pondered on my blindness,
While the memory of her sweet words came in music to my soul!
But I now can join in praises to the FATHER who, in kindness,
Took away this ray of love-light, that HE might reveal the whole.

'When together, we were parted; all her earnest efforts failing
To unfold to me the brightness ever present to her eyes:
Now, her soul to mine flows freely, and, my juner sight unveiling,
Shows the light serene that cheered her, and brought comfort from the skies.

'And I know she is my Angel: and I know 't was God that sent her
To remove my veil of darkness, and reveal the light above,
For I feel the heavenly power drive away the gloom, and enter,
While my soul doth sweetly vibrate to the mystic touch of love.'

J.

Are not these lines exceedingly promising? - - - THE following telegraphic dispatch was recently sent to the Rev. P — R —, Saint PETER's Church, Montreal, in answer to an urgent request, addressed to a well-known glass-stainer in this city, that certain cathedral-windows should be at once forwarded: 'Saint PETER left New-York this day: the VIRGIN and JOSEPH go on Saturday: and the other SAINTS will leave early next week.' There was

not a thought in the matter, beyond a mere business-letter, as we are credibly informed by a Montreal correspondent. - - Is n't it a little curious, that almost every village in New-England (and elsewhere too, no doubt) has some real or traditional character, that is a 'household word' to all the inhabitants? A 'fixture'; a 'town-pump' personage; a 'veritable verity,' and 'no mistake?' Of such was 'DESIRE AYRES,' if we may believe (and we *do*, implicitly) an agreeable correspondent, who thus describes her, and her 'doings:'

'In my native town of M—, in the year 18—, could be seen, two afternoons in each week, a large collection of devoted ladies duly organized into a 'Sewing-Circle.' Among the 'sewers that went forth to sew' on these occasions, was a maiden-lady of about forty—by name, DESIRE AYRES. She was an inveterate snuff-taker, and her nasal twang was not particularly agreeable to any body; and she was sometimes, to the inconsistency, the subject of practical jokes.

'By the aid of the 'Circle,' five promising young men were enabled to graduate from ——— University, and expected to enter the ministry. But to the great indignation of DESIRE and others, one had 'a call' from a charming young widow to take charge of a plantation, which of course he accepted. Another had 'a call' to quack-medicines; another to school-teaching, although he soon arrived to great distinction as a horse-jockey; and DAVID JONES, Esq., can 'post you up' as to the fourth. The last, Mr. P—, a blundering, near-sighted, absent-minded man, graduated at the Theological Seminary, and went as a missionary to an island of the Pacific. After twenty years' absence, he returned to visit the scenes of his boyhood, and to look upon the faces of those who had so kindly assisted him. The joy of the 'old folks at home' knew no bounds. The young people caught the excitement. A score of old women followed him wherever he went, and compelled him to pass but a single night under the same roof. They lived over again the scenes of the 'Sewing-Circle.' The biography of those striped pantaloons was repeated. Every evening, for many weeks, Mr. P— held 'meetings' at the different houses, where he repeated, again and again, the story of the thousand conversions, over which the delighted villagers cackled like pullets over their first egg; and each old lady that had set a stitch for the 'Circle,' took full credit for every conversion, reserving but a small share for the missionary.

'No one followed up the meetings more constantly than a little old woman with a wizzled-up face, of the shape and color of a cocoa-nut. Her head was deposited in the extreme corner of a huge, flaring bonnet, of a fashion that had outrun the memory of man. This was the veritable DESIRE AYRES. Nor had the new growth of boys ceased to tease her.

'To-night there is a meeting at Deacon F—'s. It is November, and the house is crowded. Mr. P— stands in the door-way, where the 'keeping-room' opens into the kitchen. The village aristocracy is in one, and the boys and servants in the other. In the kitchen is a fire-place 'as is a fire-place,' in which half the village might assemble and gossip. The services have commenced. All is hushed. And now DESIRE marches in, and brushing a small boy off his chair, takes it, and seats herself before the huge fire-place. The boys look at each other and laugh. They believe more in DESIRE than in P—. They pile the wood on the fire, and are pleased to see her move back, and back, as the heat increases beyond her endurance. And now some chestnut-wood begins to 'snap,' and DESIRE again pushes back; when, lo! she has pushed open the cellar-door, and down she goes, chair and all, to the bottom of the stairs! Mr. P—, apparently half asleep, walks calmly to the cellar-door, and looks down into the darkness, without offering to assist, or to let any one pass by him to her relief!

'In a moment DESIRE comes trudging up-stairs, dragging her chair behind her, her bonnet terribly distorted. She goes to her first position, and raising her chair as high as she conveniently can, brings it to the floor with a whack; and then sits down, and attempts to get her bonnet 'into condition' until the meeting is over.

'On the following Sabbath Mr. P—— preached, as a matter of course. The usual requests for 'prayers for the afflicted' were read; and among the rest, one handed to Mr. P——, as he passed through the entry. It ran as follows:

"DESIRE AYRES desires prayers
For tumbling down the Deacon's stairs!"

'Here Mr. P—— paused, and eyed the note for a minute or more. Whether the writing was bad, or he disliked the sentiment, is not now known; but he placed the note by his side, and still kept his eye on it. The last two lines, however, he did not read, which were as follows:

"SHE broke no bones, nor bruised no meat
That either cats or dogs would eat!"

'And now, as I pass the Deacon's house, on my way to the paternal mansion, to eat the thanksgiving-turkey, I tell the story, and point out the Deacon's house, and DESIRE'S also, to my stage-companions: all of which is true to the letter.'

Does it not seem, on such a lovely October-day as this — with the painted woods reflected from the shores of the Hudson on its broad, smooth mirror, and the clear blue sky without a cloud, and the pure breath of the ALMIGHTY in your nostrils — does it not seem as if it were almost impossible that any friend should be *dead*? 'Surely,' you say to yourself, 'this vision of beauty, this keen 'sense of sensation,' cannot be lost for ever to the departed who have once enjoyed them with you!' But over the broad river, in this resplendent sun-shine, repose the winding-walks, the sequestered glades, the umbrageous retreats, where, but a little twelve-month ago, we walked with a dear friend, whose beautiful 'places' shall know him no more for ever. Alas! his warm heart is cold; his eye is closed to sight, and his ear to sound! There stands his cherished villa, gleaming among the fading trees; there runs the babbling brook, delivering its 'tribute-wave' to the sea; but along its banks no more shall *he* wander, to muse and meditate. Far away in Greenwood, he rests until the morning of the resurrection. Turning the other way, over the hill that rises behind us, sleeps another friend, but recently 'laid in earth;' and from the ground where he slumbers in eternal repose spreads out a view as beautiful as boundless; but it awakens no emotion in the cold breast of that silent sleeper, that once it kindled with a deep delight:

'ALAS! for TIME, and DEATH, and CARE,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial-pageant of the Spring.
The dreams which, each successive year,
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side.'

THERE was some considerable meaning in the reply given to a rich, pompous, and 'within-bounds' hard-drinker, (who every day drank *just* too much, and not *much* too much,) by a toper who would get drunk whenever he had an opportunity: 'JIM, why do you make a beast of yourself, in this way? Why don't you drink like a gentleman? Why don't you drink as *I* do?' 'I w-w-ould, Colonel, *if I had the means* — have n't the *m-m-eans*, 'Colonel!' The by-standers, who well knew how much more the 'Colonel' could and did drink than his weaker-headed brother, laughed loud and long

at this 'palpable hit.' - - - We mentioned, some months since, in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER, the admirable art by which Mr. VOLMERING (whose rooms were over MESSRS. ALFRED MUNROE AND COMPANY, in Broadway) transferred rare old pictures, in all their original beauty, to another canvas. If our town-readers, or transient visitors to the Crystal Palace, will examine a picture transferred by Mr. VOLMERING, which hangs upon one of the posts near the centre of the gallery, they will at once perceive that our praise of the artist's skill was not exaggerated. - - - PUNCH has 'caught the idea.' He knows how to address answers to imaginary correspondents as well as the best of his London contemporaries. Here is a very learned mathematical example:

'HENRY' (Walton :) How can that be? The square of the half of any chord of a circle is equal to the product of the sagittæ of the opposite arcs; that is, the segments of the diameter bisecting the chord, or the versed sines of half the opposite arcs. From this the Jews argue, and we agree with Colonel SIBTHORP in thinking they argue rightly, that no man can, by self-measurement, get a decent fit from a tailor.'

'Thim's mathematics!' - - - 'As two of our Milk-street merchants,' writes a Boston correspondent, 'were passing a fine residence in Rowe-street, last Sabbath-morning, at a rather late hour for church, a lady rushed out, followed by two female servants, terribly frightened. The lady swooned on the walk; one servant cried 'Murder!' the other 'Robbers!' The windows flew up along the street, and gentlemen were gathering fast, when two young and tolerably-dressed Frenchmen rushed out of the house, through the crowd, down Rowe-street, through Essex into Washington-street, followed by some fifty half-crazed men, crying, 'Stop thief!' The two Frenchmen, after making the most remarkable 'half-mile heat' on record, and knocking down divers women and lamp-posts, were brought-to by the aforesaid merchants. All were so out of breath as to be unable to speak for some time. At last the Frenchmen asked, 'What you do with *we*? — what have we *do*, eh?' This the crowd were unable to answer *exactly*, and finally concluded to take the rascals up Rowe-street, and have an investigation. About four hundred men and boys had congregated; when it was ascertained, that one of the aforesaid maids had accidentally thrown from a window upon the Frenchmen some dirty water, and they entered the house, by permission of one of the servants, to give BRIDGET a 'blowing-up;' and the household, not understanding the people's English, when so horribly murdered, supposing them to be crazy, or ruffians, by their excited behavior, gave the alarm. I left while the legal liabilities were under discussion; the Frenchmen demanding damages for the slander of being called 'some t'iefs in de open street,' and treated as such. It was a ludicrous sight!' - - - We like to see character, industry, courtesy, and manly bearing honored, as it was recently in the case mentioned below. We have known Mr. HUNGERFORD for some years, and know him to be well worthy of the splendid tribute which has been awarded to him. He held for several years at Piermont the position of general superintendent of the department of car-building and repairs; and his reputation was such, that he was not long since called to a larger sphere of kindred duty at Maysville, Kentucky. Before his departure, his associates and co-laborers presented to him, 'as a slight testimonial of their high regard and

estimation of his character,' a superb gold-watch and chain. It is called a 'Magic-Case Chronometer Watch.' On the back-side is a finely-engraved locomotive, tender, and train of cars in motion. By means of enclosing it in the magic-case, it becomes either a hunting or an open-face watch, at the pleasure of the wearer; thus combining in one, three entirely different and distinct characters of watches. On the reverse of the magic-case is an engraved representation of a passenger-car, and on the inside of this case is the inscription: 'Presented to FAYETTE HUNGERFORD, by the Employ  es of the New-York and Erie Rail-road at Piermont, as a testimonial of their estimation of his character as a gentleman and co-laborer.' The edges of the watch, as well as the surface of the backs not occupied with the engravings, are ornamented with very heavy chasings, representing clusters of vines and flowers. The movement is one of THOMAS PORTHOU, maker to the Admiralty, London, and the watch was got up by Cox, of Broadway, at a cost, with the chain, of three hundred dollars. Mr. HUNGERFORD's reply to the cordial letter of his friends was as follows:

'Piermont, September 26, 1853.

'To D. G. DANIELS, R. E. FALKENBURY, E. G. BENNET, Committee:

'GENTLEMEN: I can scarcely find words (being, as you well know, a man of few words) to express the deep feelings of my heart at the receipt of your very kind and grateful letter, and the beautiful and most valuable present which accompanied it. That the friends and co-laborers with whom for so long a period I 'wintered and summered,' in the performance of arduous duties, should have remembered me so cordially, and tendered me such a tribute of regard at parting, fills me with emotions of delight and gratitude, which I most deeply feel, but which I cannot express. The language of truth, however, is brief, and needs no practice; and when I say, that from the inmost recesses of a grateful heart, I thank you for your kind remembrance of our old associations, for your expression of our mutual confidence, friendship, and esteem, I say what you know I feel, and what I know you will understand. If it were not for the fact that I was about leaving for the West, with my family, when your letter and its accompanying gift were received, I should have found occasion to meet you face to face, and have endeavored to convey to you in person the heart-felt thanks which I have so imperfectly expressed. But I shall at all times bear with me your precious gift, and never shall I mark from its fair white face the present time, without thinking joyfully and gratefully of the past, nor without invoking health and happiness for you all in the onward future.

'Yours, most truly,

'FAYETTE HUNGERFORD.'

WE take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of Messrs. ALFRED MUNROE AND COMPANY, on the cover of the present number. Their establishment, one of the most extensive and complete in the metropolis, is replete with every thing in the way of men's and boys' clothing, of the best material, faithfully made, and in the latest styles. This house, (with its southern branches,) has established the very highest character for probability—the exact and entire fulfilment of all it promises to the public. - - - Do you remember how nobly the Norwegian *emigrant* saved a lady-passenger from the wreck of the 'Atlantic' steamer on Lake Erie? After *that*, we think the account of the disaster might have been a little differently worded: 'The cabin-passengers were mainly saved: it was *only* the emigrants who were lost.' Ah! well: the sound of distress and cry of sudden fear is of no country, and of no language. The poor 'emigrant' heard it, and plucked a fellow-being from a watery grave, but sank himself into its cold embrace. It seems wrong to think of such a man as '*only* an emigrant.' - - - Mr. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, in a late lecture, desires us to state, what we acci-

dentially omitted to mention, that his discourses appear weekly in the New-York *Picayune*; and very clever and 'humorsome' discourses they are. They are re-published in English journals. - - - AMONG the long-established primary-schools in our country is 'BACON Academy,' in Colchester, Connecticut. It has numbered among its pupils some highly-distinguished persons, several of whom were present at its semi-centennial celebration, which was held in July last. The exercises on the occasion are described as having been very interesting. They were commenced by a short introduction and prayer from the Rev. Dr. HEWITT, of Bridgeport, followed by an historical address from Mr. KINNE, the principal. An oration, appropriate and instructive, was then spoken by Professor THACHER, of Yale University; and, as a *finale*, affording a pleasant relief after the more serious performances of the day, a brief poem, prepared at the request of the Trustees, was read by our friend and ancient contemporary, PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., who, we believe, was a former pupil at the Academy. This poem, so quickly written as almost to claim the excuse of an *extempore* effort, was well received, on account of its felicitous adaptation to the occasion. Seeing it commended in the journals of the day, and learning that it had not yet been in print, we solicited and obtained a copy, and shall gratify, we are quite certain, even those of our readers who feel no interest in its occasion, by its insertion here:

'AFTER high eloquence and noble thought;
After brave words with sense and feeling fraught;
After fine periods of melodious prose,
All parts of which were pleasant till their close;
Listen, kind friends, to some unpolished rhymes
I fain must weave about 'the good old times.'

'Long years have passed, long years of grief and joy,
Since here I lived a careless, happy boy;
When, ignorant of life and life's turmoil,
The daily conflict and the nightly toil,
My childhood lapsed, like some secluded stream,
Touched by the beauty of the morning's beam:
Through flowery fields and paths with verdure spread;
Through leafy groves that cooling umbrage shed;
Stirred by no storms, its rill-like waters flowed,
Hushed in the quiet of this calm abode.
Here sprang my infant hopes; here first I heard
The earnest teachings of God's holy Word;
Here to my heart were those pure precepts given
Which taught and showed the narrow way to heaven.
Well I remember how Salvation's plan
Fell from the lips of that most reverend man,
Who then, sole shepherd of a faithful flock,
Gathered his fold around that living Rock
On which, surviving Nature's final doom,
The Church of CHRIST, that tree of God, shall bloom.

'Well I remember how to school I went,
On other things than study oft intent;
When from its turret pealed the well-known bell,
That seemed to utter: 'Boys, come learn to spell;
And learn to read, and write, and cipher, too:
Come, hasten! hasten! — idleness won't do!'

'The Past, seen through the intervening years,
Invokes some smiles, but more unwilling tears.
I smile to think on boyhood's pleasant hours,
I weep to think of all its wasted flowers:

I smile at scenes Association weaves
 With the dear pictures on Youth's tarnished leaves;
 I weep for those which time so dims and stains
 That but faint tracery of their light remains.

'Of all the merry tribe that here with me
 Sailed o'er the waves of an unruffled sea,
 How few still shine in Memory's lessening ray;
 How many even from life have passed away!
 The little boy whose bosom knew no care,
 Feels his head bald, and counts his silver hair;
 The girl who then had never dreamed of beaux,
 Sees her grand-children sprouting up in rows;
 The boy who, jubilant when school was done,
 Played off his pranks and 'had such royal fun,'
 Now sighs to think, his school-boy days all o'er,
 That he must teach where he was taught before;
 And the staid matron, 'mid her precious pets,
 Grieves for those hours when *she* wore pantalettes.
 Alas! alas! we never can recall
 Those times of kite and marble, bat and ball;
 Those golden times, when, lured by eyes and curls,
 We fell in love with all the pretty girls:
 And, though no poet, still found out that 'bliss'
 Was the best, honest, down-right rhyme to 'kiss.'

'But, though grown somewhat old in form and face,
 Yet on our souls hath Time left scarce a trace:
 Still young in feeling, juvenile in heart,
 As when we first felt Cupid's littlest dart,
 We live and love with ardor warm and true
 As in those days when life and love were new.'

We regret that we cannot prolong our extract, but unhappily we are 'at the end of our tether.' - - - We did not think to give our prepared subsection of '*Children's Gossip*' in the present crowded number; but, sitting by a pleasant fire, between the broad old open jambs, on this brisk October-night, listening to the breaking waves of the Tappaän-Zee, and watching the fitful fire-light, reflected in bright flickerings upon the walls, (it is after twelve c'clock at night,) we accidentally saw 'Young KNICK's' velvet Glengary-cap in our new hat, and little JULIA's warm fall-'sack' hanging over 'MOTHER's' shawl, on a chair before the fire; and then we bethought us of the little wearers, up-stairs, fast asleep; of how soon they would grow beyond the era of childhood's small-clothes; and *then*, we 'could not choose but think' how many parents there were, who were having kindred thoughts in relation to *their* children; until finally we said to ourselves, 'Bless the little folks! — put it in! — put it in!' And so here it is:

'My wandering foot-steps carried me, a few days since, to Saint-Johns, New-Brunswick, to witness the turning of the first sod in the construction of the '*European and North-American Rail-way*'; which act, the road being an international one, I look upon as the turning of another sod in the fast-opening grave of national bickering. There, while partaking of that good old English hospitality of which too much cannot be said in a proper place, nor too little here, I witnessed a little scene which, perhaps, may not be unworthy a place in your delightful '*Gossip*.' Near me, on the grounds, among the thousands who had come to see the celebration, stood a lady with a bright little curly-headed boy by her side. She was evidently an American, and had probably come over from Eastport, in Maine, for the occasion. The child was delighted with the display of the military, the music, the thronging crowds, the banners, and their gallant

bearers. After contemplating the scene for some time, he pulled his mother by her dress, and looking up to her face, said earnestly:

'Mother, are these all *'Blue-Noses?'*

'Hush! hush! Yes, my dear.'

The child looked on again, evidently not comprehending why she should say 'Hush!' Another pull at the dress, another earnest look, and in a subdued tone, the childish voice asked:

'Mother, where *are* their *blue noses?*'

Talking of children, reminds me of another childish anecdote, which I have lately heard in these New-England 'parts.' You no doubt know what a Yankee 'muster' was in the olden time. Well do I remember my boyish glee when my mother gave me 'nine-pence,' and I revelled in untold wealth and 'dreams of glory,' on 'Muster-Day.' The story is anent the youthful WEBSTERS. Their father had given them each a small sum, and they had been to the Militia 'Muster.' At night-fall, they returned home; DANIEL, as usual, somewhat ahead of his brother. Their father met them, and, addressing the first, said:

'Well, DAN, what have you done with your money?'

'Spent it!' was the sturdy reply.

'And what have you done with *yours*, ZEKKE?'

'Lent it to DAN!'

A LITTLE boy, blind from birth, aged about four years, died in this village a few days ago, with scarlatina. About an hour before the little sufferer departed, he exclaimed:

'*Pa! I see now! Darkness is all gone! Day is come!*'

His father inferred from the incident that he was better, and would probably recover. But an hour passed, and he was with the angels.'

LITTLE EDDY, on his way to school, frequently loitered by a small stream which he was obliged to pass, to witness the gambols of his play-mates while bathing; the water being of sufficient depth in some places for that purpose. Fearing some accident might befall him, his mother had told him never to venture *near*, and in strong terms, not to go *into* the water. One day, however, being overcome by temptation, and the urgent solicitations of boys older than himself, he yielded to their importunities and his own wishes; and for an hour entered into their aquatic sports right heartily. But as ill luck would have it, while dressing himself, by some mismanagement, he put on his little shirt wrong-side out, entirely unnoticed by him at the time: but the quick eye of his mother saw it, and divined the reason at once. Before retiring for the night, it was customary for the little boy to kneel by her side and repeat his little prayer. While on his knees, she took the opportunity to reprove him for disobeying her commands:

'EDMUND, how is it that the buttons are on the inside of your shirt-collar?'

'I do n't know: is n't that the way, mother?'

'No, my son; you have disobeyed me, I am sorry to see: you have been in swimming; else how could you have turned your shirt?'

The little boy felt that his mother had spoken the truth, and was for a moment silent. However, the satisfactory explanation, as he thought, soon occurred. With a triumphant look and bold voice, he replied:

'Mother, I—I—*guess I turned it gettin' over the fence!*'

'You will allow me, although I am a bachelor, to say a word or two about a matter in which it might be suspected that I feel no special interest. But this suspicion would be altogether unfair, and is one which I will endeavor to remove, as soon as 'VENUS' and the next 'COMET' are 'in conjunction.'

'Your 'Gossip' about children is so welcome, even to *me*, that I glance at the table of contents as soon as I receive my KNICKERBOCKER, to see if I can find any more of it. And 'when found,' I linger over it, as when, plucking to pieces a rose, I carefully unroll the undeveloped petals, to mark and admire the pencilling of that Hand which 'paints the lily.' From *my* 'gossip' let me select for you some specimens of children's talk which I remember to have heard.

'Little JOHNNY was an excellent marksman; and, with a sportsman's pride, scorned to shoot at a bird 'sitting.' His younger brother, HARRY, accompanied him one day, to witness the skill of which he too felt proud. JOHNNY brought down the birds 'on the wing,' much to his satisfaction; but when he was induced to try one or two 'sitting,' his success was not so complete. So, when they returned, HARRY, exulting in the skill of his brother, and sure of making his mother proud of him, hastened to her with the assurance that 'JOHNNY had learned to shoot birds 'on the wing' so well that he could hardly ever hit them when they were sitting still!'

'LITTLE MORRISON was early 'waked up' every morning; for, when hearing his father inquire, one night, if the moon were 'up,' he wished to know 'who waked it up?' And on another occasion, and with a similar suggestion, he puzzled his father by asking where the moon's *bed* was!

'A LITTLE fellow who was certainly disposed to examine subjects *ab initio*, asked his father, one day, 'who made God?' He was told that no body made God; that *He* always existed; that *He* made every thing else. The child went away with a thoughtful air, which indicated an endeavor to believe what he did not comprehend. But after a few days, he ran to his father with a sparkling face, saying: 'Father, I know now how it is: God's mother died when *He* was a baby, and *He* has forgotten who she was!'

'Does not every one live over his first again, in this his childish effort to determine what happened before 'in the beginning?''

'WILLIE's father is a clergyman, and 'temperate in all things;' so WILLIE had never seen a man chewing the 'vile weed' until he was about three years old, when Mr. ———, holding his little son by his dimpled hand, stood in the street for a moment, to speak to an acquaintance. WILLIE was all eyes, as he could not comprehend the conversation; and seeing the heavily-bearded individual occasionally put a pinch of 'fine-cut' into his mouth, was considerably puzzled and astonished. At last, he could stand it no longer. 'Pa,' said he, anxiously, 'does that man *chew hair*, so as to make it grow out over his face?'

'ELLA's mamma had allowed her to walk up and down before the door, with strict injunctions never to go alone off the walk into the street. This piece of flagging was her world, and she often looked with longing eyes beyond it. One day ELLA's baby-sister died, and ELLA talked with her mamma of the mystery of death. 'Where do you think baby is now?' Mrs. ——— asked her little girl. 'Oh!' said ELLIE, 'I think her soul has gone right straight *off the side-walk!*'

'Eddy was up for exhibition one afternoon, and was being catechised before his admiring friends:

'Who was put into the fiery furnace?' asked his father.

'SHADRACH, MESHACH, and ABEDNEGO,' was the answer, after some assistance.

'Who put them in?'

'Eddy's face brightened this time, and with all the boldness of one who was sure that he was right, he cried out:

'Little JOHNNY GREEN!'

'I HEARD a story lately about the 'little-folk,' which will please E—— and yourself, I am sure. A two-year old boy was taken by his mother, who lives hereabouts, to a church, for the first time. When the organ commenced playing, the youngster listened attentively for some time, and then, turning to his mother, asked in a loud voice: 'Ma! ma! where's the *monkey*? — I do n't see the monkey!'

'THERE were several persons in a house where there was a young child, some two or three days old; among them a little bright-eyed boy, of some four summers. When the grand-mother soon after came in, with the babe in her arms, he was particularly pleased with it, kissed it, and evinced every symptom of delight; asked his aunt where she got it, and was told she bought it of Dr. ADAMS: then asked how much she gave for it. She told him she paid ten dollars. He then stood by her lap, on which the child was lying asleep, his eyes beaming with intense satisfaction. The babe soon awoke, and squalled

inclining to his adversary, he would sometimes 'come down' on the worthy SHALLOW with such a torrent of invective as would almost annihilate him, and furnish a rich treat for the crowd. One, more learned than usual, threatened that if he continued to abuse the court, he should commit him. He boldly defied the dispenser of the statutes, and avowed that he did not know enough to write a 'mittimus.' The magistrate proceeded at once with the laborious task of copying from 'EDWARDS' Treatise' the terrible instrument, and BALDWIN continued pouring out the vials of his wrath upon the 'leather-headed dignitary.' As the threatening document was about being completed with those terrible words, 'Hereof fail not at your peril,' BALDWIN deliberately picks up the ink-stand and dashes it up-side down upon the commitment, the contents of which, like the recording angel's tear, 'blotted it out for ever.' 'There,' says BALDWIN: 'I shall be out of the county before you can boil down oak-bark ink enough to write another!'—and before the astonished sage had recovered his sight, (for sundry drops of the murky shower had flown into his eyes,) the great expunger had mounted his horse, and escaped from 'the jurisdiction.' - - - Now that 'the melancholy days are come,' and Winter, with lingering step, comes stealing on, the following lines, '*Spring is Afar*,' ('*Der Lenz ist Fern*,') rendered from the German of GUSTAV. PFARRIUS, by an accomplished correspondent, will be considered appropriate and timely:

'WHEN the forest is ready to go to the Dead,
He dons, as for bridal, his gaudiest wreath;
And in wedding-apparel of gold and of red,
Thus bravely he waiteth for Death.

'And the sun saunters out from the breast of a cloud,
To smile on his pomp—a smile sickly and dim:
For the Spring is afar: soon, the storm cometh loud,
To dance the death-dance with him.

'Then what wrestlings fierce, and what blusterings strong!
And each death-throe shakes showers of leaves from his head:
Soon a low voice of moaning awakes its sad song,
And the beautiful forest is dead!

H. C.

'Some time since,' writes 'KARL BENEDICT,' (from whom we shall be pleased frequently to hear,) from a pleasant town in Ohio, which shall be nameless, 'Dr. STEVENSON, whom you may remember from a copy of one of his 'Tak nottis'-es sent you months ago, presented me with several pages of his life and trials, with the request that I should send the manuscript to you for publication. The paper will be too long for your use, if you felt disposed to use it, and I therefore have extracted brief paragraphs here and there, containing the pith of the contents. If it will suit any purpose, it is at your disposal. The thing is no fiction. Dr. STEVENSON is a fact, and so is his literature. He told me the other day, that the old notice of him did more good for him and for the cause of Christianity than any thing that ever happened. A powerful revival was the consequence, in which a pilot on the river, and an old retailer of oranges in the 'Diamond,' both 'hard cases,' had been 'brought under concern.' In giving this 'curtailed synopsis' of the Docron's autobiography, we trust it is not necessary for us to say, that we are far from

sanctioning any disrespect of sacred things. But, in the words of the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH, we do not hesitate to rescue religious observances from the hands of a 'consecrated cobbler;' and in this, we believe, with him, that we are 'rendering a useful service to the cause of rational religion:

'You may bear in mind a morsel sent you some time since, duly served upon a leaf of your 'TABLE,' which was carved out of the case of the 'Rt. Rev. Dr. STEVENSON,' itinerant bishop and expounder of mysteries in these neighborhoods. The following 'fax,' gathered from several pages of detail, drawn up by the apostle himself, in view of your generous mention of him on the occasion referred to, to be transmitted for like treatment, will serve a purpose to 'the cause,' if they prove matter worthy of your metal, and are accorded the privilege of appearance in your Magazine. The sketch is biographical, and opens with the announcement: 'i was bore on the widdo ——'s plase in the yeare of our LORDE ano domminy 18 hunderd & 12 Being 9th of nov. the nite being varey Boistrous and the Storm varey Grate.' Some specifications follow, of the earlier portion of his life, which is so interwoven with the threads of second-party experiences, that to pursue it closely would involve other characters, whose claims upon the public are quite too insignificant to justify special advertisement.

'Information is announced, farther on, that his father removed 'to a Smal plase which he leasted durin' his life-time at the Sume of 15 dols pr anum and during that periad i com to town being 14 yeares and 23 days old, and was Bowned to learne taylerin' for the terme of 6 yeares 2 months & 28 dayes.'

'Here happened the first crisis in the Doctor's life. He was not in the line of duty marked out for him by destiny. That became his settled conviction: 'during the periad of a Shorte time i felt inclined to warne siners to flea from the rath: taylerin' was a good Traid in its way, but i fownd i could n't fite the Battels of sin and remain at that Bisness.' The business was accordingly abandoned, and with a view to qualify himself for loftier enterprise: 'i got sum bookes and went to the study of morril filosiphia & CRUDEN'S concordins.'

'Observe 'filosiphia.' There are those who would prescribe a different orthography; but the Doctor has learned a lesson in *filidelfy* which protects him from being led astray by false direction. Necessity compelled a suspension of his studies, and he entered the 'bute & shew-mendin' line,' which presently, 'in consequens of a cut i got wun mornin' when i got up to prepear my breccast i persisted from follerin' of trade of whitch i tuk up the esans bisness, seling esansis of all kindes, mostly sinamont, which was most in demand, also medasin and fig-sav for burns and blisters.'

'In the pursuit of barter, the Doctor never lost sight of his better calling, 'warning siners evry whare, wherever my lot was cast.' But of the Doctor 'more anon.'

'By-the-way,' interpolates a Brookville (Indiana) correspondent, in a letter recently received by the EDITOR, 'the demise of SHANGHAI has produced quite a sensation in this region, and your 'Up-River correspondent' has the credit of being extensively quoted in our western papers. K. N. PEPPER, Esq., is quite a favorite; but he has a formidable rival near this place. His last 'Pome' was delivered before a literary society, on 'The Downfall of Hungary,' and this was the chorus thereof:

'HUNGAREE
Shall be free,
And so shall be we;
And all shall sit under the Liberty-tree!'

'It was a 'thrilling production,' and, in point of pathos, equal to the 'Berd on the Fens.' - - - Is not our friend 'J. E. O.,' of Boston, aware that 'Youth as it Is' has already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER? He must

take less interest than others in his acceptable effusions. - - - MR. T. W. WHITLEY, an accomplished writer and artist, has established a weekly '*Journal*' in Hoboken, which well deserves the liberal subscriptions and advertising-patronage of that flourishing and fast-increasing village. It is neatly printed, well edited, and replete with a good variety. We wish the editor the amplest success in his deserving enterprise. - - - THE following 'Song' is taken from an autograph-letter of BARRY CORNWALL, addressed to a correspondent in Michigan. It now appears for the first time in print:

S O N G .

'You are soaring to the sun;
I rest in shade:
Your delights are never won;
My couch is made
Underneath the evening Hours,
Amid sweet (the sweetest) flowers.

'Your road is strewn with strife;
Mine with perfume:
You burn the rose of life;
I nurse its bloom,
Safe from sun, and snows, and showers,
Through all the circling Hours.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE friends of Alderman JAMES GRANT, of San-Francisco, formerly of New-York, (and he has very many in this city,) will be glad to hear of his recent elevation to the responsible and lucrative office of State Register. A man of tried fidelity and unblemished character, he will reflect credit upon the choice of his constituents. - - - SOME of the many sporting-songs of 'Old England' are spirited and refreshing, and stir the pleasant 'animal' in man as with the sound of a trumpet, with the 'tan-tarra, tan-tarra' of the huntsman's horn, while a pack of imaginary hounds are following in full-cry. But we are afraid American poetical sporting-literature is deficient in some important particulars; at least, if we may judge from a specimen which has been forwarded to us, and which commences in this wise:

'He took his dog and gun,
And went into the field;
He hunted all the day,
But nothing did he kill!'

Bad luck, and worse poetry! Coming home from this 'sorry day's sport,' an accident befel, the nature of which may be gathered from the following quatrain:

'THE black horses did run, and the wagon did spill:
Plague take the black horses! — for sell 'em I will!'

Then some body else will be the worse off. We respect the feeling which prompted that 'benign cerulean,' MISS MARTINEAU, to say that she always felt a kind of regret when she heard a person remark that he had made a '*capital bargain*;' it was a sure sign that some body *else* had made a '*capital bad one*.' What can that unfortunate purchaser do with that black span, that spill wagons along the street? - - - AN advertisement of '*January and June*' will be found upon the cover of the present number.